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"THE FIELD."

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THE FIELD is a complete weekly review of the higher branches of sport—
shooting, fishing, racing and trotting, yachting and rowing, base ball, cricket,
billiards, and general sporting news, music and the drama.

THE FIELD will be found in keeping with the times on all subjects pertaining to honorable sport, and will, under no circumstances, admit to its columns anything tending in any wise to demoralize or degrade public sentiment.

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THE SEASON.

BY A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.

"Sacred to musing is the Autumn eve,
And dear to tender thought. The summer's pride,
The gorgeous fields and flowers of every tint,
Have mellow'd and have withered. Silently,
Across the aspect of terrestrial things,
The chilling change hath pinion'd its white flight,
And all is alter'd."

The season comes when tedious nights do cool the earth, and frosts congeal the margin of the shallow pool, and forests doff their withered honors, and the yellowing herbage shrinks in ripening decadence; and leaves accumulate in bowers, thither borne by eddying gusts that howl portentous auguries of heavier blasts, and storms, and snows, far treasured in the skies,

to fall anon on shivering, skulking man. There is a gray and drowsy mis uprising from the chilly marsh, now folding with its dewy veil successively the stubby grass, the creeping vine, the sheaves of grain, the lonely depredated cornstalks, and the heap of hay last cropped; it scales the barn's high roof, the pine tree's topmost limb, and even yonder rugged precipice, whose aged brow frowns sulkily upon the spreading fog, like some grim, ancient portrait on a tavern wall making wry faces at the dense Virginian fumes that idle smokers do send up from shades below.

'Tis autumn. Now the farmer keeps rare holiday, and measures crops, and stubble gleans, and garners stores, and hoards supplies for homely use, making provision large likewise for sheep and cattle, swine and poultry, and the stranger that shall haply come within his gates—that when the cloud its fleecy grist shall drop, and snow-drifts pile across the traveler's way, and tempests rend and rive the tangled woods, a refuge and a sanctuary shall be found beside his hearth plenished with generous fuel, and around his board, loaded with smoking cakes, with pumpkin pies in comfortable platters, broad and deep, and cider sparkling busily in scoured flagons, and walnuts for the chimney corner when the jokes are ripe and ready. Now citizens prefer the sunny sidewalk and ruminate of flannel, with here and there a thought of winter's fuel. The schoolboy trudging forth at morn, by instinct blows his fingers whereon his satchel hangs, and meditates on mittens. Now congregate in tribes the wandering wild geese from the northern lakes, and wend their noisy course above the ocean's ridge, away, away to Carolina's warm and dismal swamps—and suffering mortals, disquieted with phthisic and rheumatic ails, do flock towards the sunny south, where balmy airs fall soothingly on vexed lungs and joints do pliant grow where Fahrenheit with zero hath no fellowship.

"Cold winter is coming, all stript are the groves,
The passage bird hastens away;
To the lovely blue South like the tourist he roves,
And returns like the sunshine in May."

Now wants the year apace. There's not a feathered minstrel left to sing the season's dirge; nor doth a leaf of green remain amidst the foliage that but yesterday inwrought yon grove umbrageous, which even might serve to decorate its tomb withal. Now flowers must grow in artificial beds, and roses without fragrance flourish in Miss Flora McFlimsey's back parlor. Now folks begin to think. In August 'twas too warm—too busy in September; but sober sentiments now cool the brain; and while the aspiring youth cogitates in college, his guardian gravely gets his will engrossed; and certain serious spinsters solemnly reflect, as evening lingers in the lap of night, upon that awful subject, wedlock.

"Cold winter is coming—ye delicate fair,
Take care when your hyson you sip;
Drink it quick, and don't talk, lest he come unaware,
And turn it to ice on your lip."

Lo! winter comes indeed. Then—but 'tis not wise to borrow evils in advance,—anticipation holds no place in man's regard when circumstances, full of fearful meaning, thrust themselves within the verge of life's too gloomy vista. Then—let it come. And philosophy await the worst; be squalid poverty or cold indifference, or disease, or griefs domestic, or a scanty doublet, or a cheerless hearth, the unacceptable attendant. For winter also hath its hopes, its comforts, and its joys. Then nature sleeps, to wake afresh in spring's sweet sunny morn, with vigor gathered in her slumbers; then social man puts forth his virtues, and the groan, the orphan's tear, the invalid's complaint, the beggar's petition, touch most effectually the soul of charity. Then all the sons of toil with wages in their purses, the meed of honest industry, enjoy the harvest of their labors, frequent the pleasant halls of music and of mirth, peruse with deeper interest the products of the press, and ever and anon adjust the "third term" question.

"Cold winter is coming—we've said so before—
It seems we've not much else to say:
Yes, winter is coming, and GOD help the poor!
We wish it were going away."

A VACATION IN CANADA WITH JOSH HART.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

To use the homely rendition of a well known Latin proverb, "the poet is born not made." So is it with the trapper. How often do we observe a boy who perhaps has never been beyond the precincts of his native city, and far from the scenes where he could give exercise to his innate longings, display in a marked manner that peculiar instinct, that characterizes the professional trapper. To rats, that boy is a greater monster of murder than even the "harmless necessary cat," and the unfortunate birds that make their abiding place near the homes of man, have more to dread from his snares and traps than from all the hawks that nature has provided to preserve its just balance. Place such a boy in a rural settlement, surrounded by the "forest primeval," where his daily life throws him into the society of men who love the expansive liberty that lake, mountain and woods afford, and such a boy will inevitably be sure to swerve from the every day grooves of life, and seek his pleasures in the trying and laborious search after fur, fin and feather. The love of the woods, the love of the sport than can be realized in such scenes only, seems to be a portion of his heritage and he stands by the patent of his Maker, a heaven-born sportsman.

That the time may come when the city boy of such tastes will abandon them, and find in other pursuits a scope for his peculiar talents, is no doubt true; but the fact remains the same, that he is naturally and by instinct a sportsman, and many a man who has matured his mind amid city scenes, in whom reason prevails over romance, will on driven from his counting house or professional chair by the heavy hand of sickness, find all his earlier nature stir within him on being placed near the margin of some cool trout stream, or the bosky shades of some deep forest in whose recesses the mink still lurks, the moose still browses, or from whose depths the bear makes midnight visits to the farm house where he resides to deprive his bucolic host of prospective mutton.

'Tis now many years ago, since the writer and a young friend strolled along the street of our native village, casting furtive glances into the different bar-room windows as we passed, in hope to discover Josh Hart, a noted trapper in those days on the River Restigonche. Had we possessed that peculiar gift that scripture ascribes to the serpent, Charley would have been engaged in fathoming the mysteries of the general grocery and lumber business, and I would have been seated in the well whittled chair which stood in the office of the lawyer with whom I was then a student, poring over "Blackstones Commentaries," or cramming myself with that valuable knowledge that indefatigable research will enable one to discover in "Chitty on Bills." But, as it was, he loved the woods, his dogs and his gun; and I possessing similar tastes, we had often during our evening chats discussed the chances of going in company with some trapper on a more extended cruise than any that we had hitherto attempted. Now was our chance! My friend Charley had informed me that Josh Hart had that day been in the store and purchased the necessary ammunition and supplies for a winter campaign. We knew the habits of Josh too well to fear that he would make an immediate start for the scene of his labors, for it was always his habit to "turn himself loose," as he expressed it, or in other words to enter on a drinking carouse that lasted for a week or more before he turned his back upon civilization, and sought his favorite haunts. At length we found him, and after smoking a few pipes of tobacco and moistened our clay with something that would both cheer and inebriate, we informed him of our desire and wished to know if he would let us go

up the river with him. "Yes, boys, proud to have you" said Josh. "I will make you as comfortable as pie as far as I can, and give you a hearty welcome to the camp; I can give you nothing else, and remember, you will have to rough it if you go along with me. Get yourselves some blankets and a buffalo-skin or two, and plenty of powder and shot. I'll have everything else we'll want. We'll start in a few days. Have some 'Jamaica' boys—nothing like 'Jamaica' for the woods—twice as good for you as that stuff you are drinking." Well, the days followed on; our preparations had been made and Josh at last fixed the time, and early in the gray dawn on a beautiful morning in the latter part of October, two novices in woodcraft and one of the most expert trappers in that region, could be seen paddling a bark canoe well loaded with provisions, with its prow turned towards the dense forest that even to this day is seldom explored save by the lumberman in search of lumber, or the hunter in search of game or pelts. We paddled leisurely along until midday, when we put in shore at an old camping ground to make our tea, and cook our pork. "Nothing like tea for a fellow when he's got to do a stiff day's work; but you never get good tea made in the village. To make tea it should be boiled in a kettle and sweetened with molasses, and if you make it that way, and sweeten it enough it's sure to be good. What women call 'drawing it' spoils it altogether, and it tastes better without milk once you're used to it," said Josh, as he hung the kettle on a forked stick over a blazing fire we had kindled on the shore. "Now, boys, get out a piece of pork and a loaf of bread; and as you're pretty tired and hungry, I know you agree with my views." The meal was quickly prepared, and the proverb that "hunger is the best sauce," led us so think that no more desirable meal could be wished. True, as we paddled along, time and again opportunities presented themselves for securing a wild duck, or catching a trout or grilse; but one of the general orders issued by Josh on our starting from home, was that the guns were to remain in the cases until we reached the camp. "Its no use fiddling away our time shooting till we get home; we'll have plenty of it there. If we commence now, we'll be pop, popping at everything and will never reach there," was Josh's opinion, and I have since verified its truth in similar excursions. Until we reached the smaller branches of the main river we paddled far into the night, and at length at the end of three days we found ourselves at the end of our journey—when the stars began to come, as Shakespeare says of misfortune, "not as single spies but in battalions." The night was frosty and clear, and as we paddled onward to the lake where the camp was built, the "squawk, squawk" of ducks, and the "honk, honk" of geese, as they raised themselves from the water, startled by the splash of our paddles at such an unusual hour, told us plainly that we were in a region where game abounded.

"Home at last" sung out Josh at length, as he turned the bow to shore with that indescribable stroke, that long practice with the paddle can only give, and in a few minutes we had hauled the canoe ashore. "Here, take up this kettle, frying pan, and pork, boys. I'll fetch along the jar and bread" said Josh. "We'll leave the other things in the canoe till after supper; all the neighbors round here are honest." "Neighbors?" said Charley; "why I thought no one lived out here but yourself." "Well; I can't say that they are very near neighbors; Newell Lock and Pierre Matteq live on the next stream about nine miles off," said Josh. "Welcome home, and now some more pork and tea; to-morrow we'll have duck or geese or something petter, though I don't know if there is anything better than pork in the long run," said Josh, as we entered a well built cabin that stood a short distance from the water. "Make up a fire, boys, plenty of wood along side the jamb; I'll run down and get some water." In a short time Josh returned with a birch bark pail of spring water, and supper was soon cooked; and as we laid ourselves down on the boughs before the blazing fire, we felt that if ever our young cups of happiness were full, it was then. But one thing was necessary to complete our social entertainment; and as we knew Josh to be a singer, we called upon him for a sample of his minstrelsy.

"No, Charley first," said Josh, and in a few minutes the shores of Mushquash Lake heard for the first time, the jolly refrain of the finest convivial song that the English language can boast of.

"Now for your song, Josh," said Charley. "Well it aint much, boys, but here it is," said Josh, removing the short black clay from his mouth and clearing his throat with a few preparatory hems. "I call it

OLD JAMERICA RUM.

They may talk of their whisky and brag of their wine,
Praise the juice of the still and the blood of the vine,
But still this fact, I will maintain until I'm dead or dumb,
There is no drink that man can name like old Jamaica Rum.

A dear old friend of mine, now dead, used long ago to say,
"Two biscuits and a quart of rum sufficient for a day;"
But were I shivering and chilled, hands, feet and fingers numb,
The bread I'd swap, and get some more good old Jamaica Rum.

I once went shooting with a swell, a kind of city sport,
Who drank some stuff like bullock's blood I think they called it Port.
He handed me a pannikin and said 'twas "old and good,"
But I'm blest, if I don't detest the washy taste of wine.

No doubt he thought it very kind to let me taste his stuff,
But of such drinks, I will allow one spoonful is enough.
My thoughts, of course, I didn't tell and kept my tongue quite mum,
But I rinsed my throat and mouth right off with old Jamaica Rum.

I love a country tavern bar when winter nights set in;
And clustering round the fire, the boys tell stories, spiced with sin,
But more, I love a camp fire's blaze from pine knots filled with gum,
With blankets all tucked right outside and inside tucked, our rum.

It brings a warmth, a soothing calm, gives smiles unto the grum.
He's wrapping flannel round his heart, who's getting primed with rum.
And when I pass the pearly gates, that lead to kingdom come;
Above some door, may I espy "fine old Jamaica Rum."

MAT. A. PECHAUGH.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPORT IN BEHAR.

A special correspondent of the "Kent and Sussex Courier" gives the following glowing description of the attractions of North Behar:

"Behar is peculiarly rich in 'timber.' Groves of magnificent mango trees meet the eye in all directions—not the stunted mango of the south, but a glorious mass of foliage, so akin to our English oak that an uninitiated admirer would hardly fail to recognize the familiar form of our national tree from a distance of a few hundred yards. Here and there a great peepul rears its massive head, crowned with a glory of quivering elm-like leaves on the slender, lofty stem of the palm, cuts up into the blue sky. The earth stretches away from your feet clothed in gorgeous tints of purple and green, or some vast solitary mere lies in unruffled splendor under the brilliant tropical sun. These broad sheets of water have one peculiar feature which is perfectly new to me. At times you find them roofed for miles by the spreading boughs of the 'cye' tree; you stand and gaze under the arches of a dark forest, which seems to float on the bosom of a sunless lake, and the weird beauty of the scene strikes the eye with a sense of unreality which scoffs at words.

"But there are other delights for those whose appreciation of the beautiful has not quite subdued the British love of sport. At every step the hoarse cry of the rising snipe greets the ear, or a partridge springs from the jungle with a startling whirr. Quail, too, abound, rising with as game a rattle as the partridge itself, and a far swifter flight. Now and then the small Indian hare scuds off through the grass before you, and at rarer intervals two soft startled eyes meet your own through a vista of leaves as some wandering deer leaps from its covert and sails away over the ground with an easy melodious motion, which gives very little chance to the bullet you have been religiously nursing in your barrel. As the shot rings out a rustle in the bushes on your right makes you look round, and catch a glimpse of tawny bristling back crashing through the rushes at the water's edge, not without a slightly uncomfortable feeling at the proximity. An Indian pig is a very ugly opponent. A few yards further on the jungle breaks from the water, and the sunlight falls on the huge bulk of a sleeping alligator, who has crawled over from the river during the night. You can stalk him quietly and send a ball in behind the shoulder, only to see the monster swing round into his native element, the blunt ridged tail lashing madly right and left. One shot is very rarely fatal at the time, but you saunter on with a pleasing conviction that he won't bask in the sun much more. A day or two longer and he will be lying dead on the mud, denting a delicate pattern of scales beneath him, swollen and horrible to look upon. After which the gallant native will dance on his back and revile him in the most contemptuous terms, and preserve his teeth as talismans, and cut open his body to find the bangles of the women and children he may have devoured.

"So you will get back to your tent again as the sudden twilight comes down, and discuss a solitary meal, and shiver off to sleep gradually, feeling more bitterly cold than ever you did in an English winter, for the wind is blowing merrily around your canvas walls and the mercury is nearly down to forty degrees—no small change after the summer heat."

THE NEW LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS AT SEA.—Captain Boyton, the hardy American who showed such confidence in his own invention that he wanted to leave the National steamship Queen, on her voyage to England, when 250 miles distant from New York, has lately been proving by experiments the utility of his apparatus at Cork. It will be fresh in the memory of our readers how he actually left the ship when seven miles from the Fast-net, and, after traveling some thirty miles, and being six hours alone in the ocean during a gale of wind, he reached the land safe and sound, none the worse for his perilous voyage. Last Tuesday he gave an exhibition of his apparatus at Queenstown, which was of a very interesting nature, and completely successful. His invention consists of a dress composed chiefly of india-rubber, which entirely envelopes every portion of his body except his face, and which when inflated is sufficiently buoyant to float an ordinary man and 300lb. The dress allows of perfect freedom in motion, and the free use of arms and hands, so that propulsion is easily attained by the use of a paddle, on which it is even possible to set a small sail. In a small water-tight case, which is towed behind, a stock of food and water enough to last for ten days is stowed, and Capt. Boyton was also provided with a long knife and hatchet with which to defend himself from the possible attacks of swordfish or sharks, had he have taken the long voyage he wished to have done. If, injured, although the water would get in, the buoyancy

would still be attained. During the exhibition he took lunch, cut up bread-and-butter, opened soda-water bottles, let off rockets, burnt blue lights, and performed a number of other feats illustrative of the perfect ease with which the ordinary functions of life could be performed in the water by the aid of his apparatus. His apparatus is so safe and comfortable, and such good progress can be made by it, that before long we may possibly see a club started to promote its use in opposition to canoes, over which it appears to possess many advantages. It is certainly the nearest approach to walking on the water yet discovered.—*Land and Water.*

Shooting.

SHOOTING IN AMERICA, AND WHERE TO GET IT.

A writer from Florida sends a letter with the above caption to the London *Land and Water*, which we reprint in order that our readers may judge for themselves whether or no our English cousins are being correctly informed:

Perhaps it may interest your subscribers to read something that an American sportsman can tell them about the shooting in the United States.

The birds most commonly shot are quail, snipe, and woodcock. The pinnated grouse, as well as the nipped grouse, called respectively prairie chicken and partridge, are more local in distribution, the one being confined to the Western prairies, and the other found mostly in the Northern and Eastern forests.

Our quail are, as your readers know, more like your partridge than any other bird in England. It is found, mostly, in stubble-fields, skirted with second-growth wood or briars or other cover, affording protection from hawks. It is seldom found, during its feeding time even, far away from the cover, to which it flies as soon as it is disturbed. Sometimes, when not shot at much, the coveys, instead of flying to the protection of thickets, will settle in the thick grass or the weeds, which, in most localities, spring up as a second growth after harvest. It is in this condition that the sport afforded is the best, for, when lodged in this way, the birds, which when first flushed, arise all at once, now lie close, get up singly, and with such apparent reluctance to take wing, that it often happens that almost the whole covey is brought to bag. If, however, the birds go to the bushes or briars, they are not only put up again with difficulty, but are apt to run as your English partridge does, and if flushed again, rise wildly, and present most difficult shots.

Wherever wheat is grown extensively this bird abounds, except in the Northern States, Vermont, Maine, and New Hampshire, where the deep snows and the intense cold prove too severe for it to live. Wet weather in the nesting season is very fatal to the young. I think it very probable that this is the very identical reason for the Virginia quails not prospering in England.

The sport to be had in shooting this bird exceeds that found in the pursuit of any other game in our country; and this by reason, among other things, of the fact that it breeds in great quantities from New York to the Gulf of Mexico, and in those parallels of temperature from the Atlantic to the Pacific, excepting only the great plains in the central portion of the continent on which as yet men and wheat are not found.

The very best quail-shooting is to be had on the great pine belt on the Atlantic seaboard extending from Washington to Key West. This is, in general terms, a great belt of pine timber-land, cleared of course, in spots, but mostly covered with the yellow or pitch pine, a belt about eight hundred miles long, and averaging near eighty miles wide. In this belt the birds feed on the seed of the pine-cone, as well as on other seeds, wheats, etc. In it the land is almost uniformly a dryish land. In it there is yet to be found many kinds of larger game. And in it is to be found what I think is, take it all in all, the best shooting-ground in America. I say the best, for here the winters are mild, the weather is never cold enough to make outdoor work unpleasant, the country affords, not all—but much of it—deer, wild turkeys, snipe in great quantities, woodcock, and immense numbers of water-fowl. It is so far traversed by railroads and navigable rivers as to be easily accessible. It is so far settled as to make camping-out unnecessary; and all its parts are in reach of the post or telegraph. The country is easy to hunt over, for it is an almost continuous plain, and there are but small portions of it in which the sportsman cannot ride on horseback to find or come up with his game; and in winter it is intensely free from mosquitoes and snakes.

To me it has always appeared the sportsman's paradise. Not, of course, to that class of gentlemen who sit in arm-chairs and have their birds driven into their faces; or who send out beaters to corral the keeper's pets for wholesale slaughter; but for the old-time English sportsman, who loves to see his pointers or setters work, to pursue game all unaccustomed to domestication, and matching its native cunning against the sportsman's craft.

It is a paradise to him who is content with a bag for a day's work gallantly earned and as big as he is willing to carry home, with as many birds as he and his friends can eat, with plenty to give away or to send home. To kill more than this is waste, or the pot-hunter's longing.

My favorite hunting-ground is Florida, not so much because there are there thousands of acres all virgin to the hunter's passion—not so much for the plenteousness of game, for that exists elsewhere; but because of its beautiful climate, as well as its capital hotels, its abundant steamers, and because, with all its wildness, thousands of men like myself, go there to enjoy themselves, and because of all which that implies.

If you want to shoot quail, fifty birds a day is a fair work for a good brace of dogs and a good shot. If you want snipe, you can kill a cart-load at any time. One hundred birds would not be a bag to surprise any one. If you want ducks, the lakes and rivers teem with them. I don't know how

many a man might kill—I always killed what I could carry, and stopped. If you want a deer hunt, there is hardly a five-mile ride in the whole State which would not cross a deer track. If you want companions, they are at your hand, and if you want somebody to help you eat your birds, you can choose from the whole hotel. The post comes daily, and the telegraph is at your elbow. If you want to rough it, you can safely sleep in the woods without cover. There are cabins to be found every few miles, and although the people are poor, and mostly uneducated, every man of them by blood and training belongs to the hunter's craft.

The pine trees stand about as thick as oaks in an English park, but they grow to some forty or fifty feet before a limb puts out. There is no underbrush. Your view of the ground you shoot over is as uninterrupted as in a stubble-field. The ground is covered with a thick, more or less matted, grass about one foot high, in which the birds find ample cover, and from which they are not easily driven, except into palmetto cover, a cover somewhat more difficult for the dogs, but not interfering with the gun. So open is the forest country, that I have driven in a hunting wagon through it, and that without difficulty, other than being obliged to make an occasional detour to cross a swamp or running stream.

For this work hardy, fast, and far-ranging dogs are needed. The best gun is one bored after the English rule *i. e.* with a dead distance of about forty yards. The shot should be Number Tens, if the gun shoots hard. There should be two guns together with a negro boy on horseback to mark and carry game.

There need be no fear of snakes. In a whole winter's hunting in Florida I never saw one. Occasionally one is seen in the southern part of the country, where the pine-apples grow; but as far south as that you have mosquitoes, and where and when they live the game will spoil in two days' keeping, and there is no possible comfort in the woods. I have been shooting now forty years or more, and, in that time, I have shot in every State on the Atlantic side of the continent, and I have never yet seen a rattlesnake, cotton-mouth, or copperhead, except in cages (and these are all the poisonous snakes we have).

Our August prairie-grouse shooting is more after the English partridge-shooting style. The birds are in many places exceedingly abundant; they are tame, and lie well to the dog; they rise at easy range, and fly as straight as an arrow. But this kind of shooting is to be had during the latter part of August or the early portion of September, a time at which the weather is so hot, that hampers of game you bring home are mostly left to rot. The October prairie-chicken grows more like your moor-shooting. Our grouse gets, like yours, strong of limb and wary; it no longer lies in infantile confidence within sight of the gleaming-eyed pointer. At the first alarm it is up and away, swift as will, as straight as an arrow. For the August birds Number Tens will do, but for the October, Number Sixes are necessary. The former fall at an average distance of forty yards, the latter at sixty. The early shooting, with its accompanying heat, is hard upon the dogs. You may travel miles without finding water, so that water must be carried in a wagon to wet the dogs with, and for drink. True, here the pointer suffers less, but he even must have water carried for his use.

The woodcock winter in South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas, but are seldom found so plentiful that more than twenty birds a day can, on the average, be bagged.

Snipe are hardly shot at in these States, except in the near neighborhood of some of the larger cities. In the swamps of these States the number of snipe is simply marvellous; I have found them so plentiful as to keep my gun hot all the while, until I had killed my fill. In their annual migration they are shot at unceasingly, from the time they strike the latitude of Kentucky until they reach their breeding quarters in Canada. It is only in the Southern States that they accumulate in great quantities, and remain substantially undisturbed through the season. These birds, the quail, the woodcock, and the snipe, are our best birds, and give the best and most genuine sport. The ground giving the largest supply, as above indicated, is to be reached from England direct, by taking a vessel to Charleston or Savannah. From New York access may be had by steamship or by rail. In reference to railway traveling, it is well to remember that upon many roads, especially those running through the Southern States, the tariff upon dogs is almost as much as upon men.—H. G. (Stoke's Hole, Florida.)

SHOOTING BY THE PRINCE OF WALES IN PARIS.—The visit of the Prince of Wales to France has afforded the Parisian sporting community an interesting topic of conversation which is likely to occupy their attention for some time to come. The fact which, I presume, has been duly recorded in the columns of the London daily press, of the prince having, in the recent *battues* at Esclimont, Rambouillet, Chantilly and Marly, brought down more birds than such renowned pigeon-shots as Baron Hottinguer and the Marquis de Lan, has been freely discussed in the sporting world of Paris, and has even caused some surprise among the members of the "Cercle des Patineurs," which, although properly speaking a skating club, as its name implies, becomes transformed into a pigeon-shooting club when there happens to be no ice to skate upon. Making all due allowances for court etiquette, and the fact of the game being beaten up to a particular spot, every one admits that the prince is more than an average good marksman, and French sporting men do not hesitate to express an opinion that he would hold his own against the best of them, among the pigeons at the *Cercle*, if he could only be prevailed upon to spend a day there previous to his departure.

Appropos of shooting, Marshal MacMahon has been out several times during the past month. On one occasion he shot over the preserves of Compeigne with Baron Hottinguer and a few other gentlemen, when 900 rabbits and a hundred pheasants were killed. Another day he visited the property of Princess de Sagan at Valangay with his son and several noblemen. Eight hundred head of game were brought down—the French class rabbits

as game—by the party, the palm being carried off by a Count Vizler, who bagged 225 rabbits and thirty pheasants. This day, there was a grand *battue* in the woods at which both the Prince of Wales and the Marshal were present. These woods are rented from the State by the President of the Republic, who keeps them for his own private use.

A few days ago the boarhounds of Count de l'Aigle had a splendid run. The boar was found in the wood of Gurcy, and at a little after midday was started from the marshes near Malmaison. He crossed Laboissiere, gained the village of St. Martin, and there bolted from outhouse to outhouse endeavoring to reach the forest of St. Germain Laval, which he eventually succeeded in doing. Here, however, he was hard pressed by the dogs, who were close at his heels when he reached the other side of the forest. He now made an effort to get to Villefontoy, and at last sought refuge in a shed on the outskirts of the village. The dogs, as might be expected, followed him into his retreat, but he vigorously defended himself, killing one of the dogs and ripping open six others before the huntsmen were able to dispatch him. He seemed to have taken a particular dislike to the Count, possibly on account of something in his dress, for he charged him five or six times, and would certainly have done him some serious injury if it had not been for the dogs, who on each occasion managed to get between the boar and his would-be victim. Several of the landed gentry and noblemen residing in the neighborhood, and even one or two *amazons*, followed the hunt, which lasted about an hour and a half.—E. H. V., in *Land and Water*.

A ROY'S COMPOSITION.—"The horse is the most useful animal in the world. So is the cow. I once had thirteen ducks and two was drakes and a Skunk killed One. he smelt Orful. I know a boy which Had 7 chickens but His father would not let him rais Them and so he got mad and so he bored a Hole in his mother's Wash tub. Our savior road on a Ass. I wish I had a hors. A hor whghs 1000 pounds."

Fish and Fishing.

HOOKING.

This term is, piscatorially speaking, solely applied to the taking of sea fish, in which art, no rod being employed, success is entirely dependant on the sensitiveness of the fingers to touch, answered by the sympathies of the system. It is not, therefore, surprising that some are found far greater adepts at it than others, however much they may be practised or habituated to it. It is, in fact, a matter of feeling in the dark. The only branch of the "gentle craft" which in any way resembles "hooking" is that of "dibbing" for trout or other fresh water fish, which frequently, from overhanging bushes, banks, branches, and Nature's obstacles to sport, compels the adventurous disciple of "Izaak" to trust entirely to his quick susceptibility of touch and knowledge of the peculiar habits of feeding and manner of taking the bait of his especial prey. It likewise requires an immensity of patience and self control, for the too eager angler will find himself from time to time either "hung up in a tree" or stuck fast like Moses, in a bed of rushes. It is, for these and many other reasons, seldom pursued, excepting by those afflicted with a natural love of poaching.

Most of our sea coast fishermen are excellent "hookers," being brought up to it from childhood, and obtain, according to the locality, a good living in that accomplishment alone. They likewise at most fishing villages lay down their "trots," which, being nothing more or less than that deadly snare, the dread of all preservers, an almost interminable kind of "night line," requires no skill on the part of the proprietors. Nevertheless it is entirely composed of hooks of all degrees of magnitude, and calls for no inconsiderable experience in arrangement and baiting. It is usually from a quarter to half a mile in length, employing some hundreds of infallible impalers and a great outlay of bait. It is anchored down at sea accoring to the bearings of well observed landmarks at certain times of the tide, and frequently when "picked up," after the fashion of the Atlantic cable, turns out a very profitable speculation. This method is fair play enough in the broad highway of the rolling ocean, but certain destruction to all rive sport, and is now severely penalised.

The French have a world wide reputation as experts in "hooking," and deservedly so. It is with them, amongst fishermen of other countries, quite a distinguishing nationality, and astonishing is the mystery that surrounds their success. Having many years ago passed much of my leisure in various parts of their picturesque coast, and occasionally accompanied them in their fishing excursions, I can answer for their extraordinary adroitness. The varieties of species in their "great takes" are to me unaccountable, for it is by no means an uncommon event to find skate, cod, whiting, gar-net, turbot, haddock, mackerel, and soles, all lying floundering in glorious confusion at your feet, occasionally enlivened by the presence of a fierce, snappish, blubber-mouthed conger, who, until he has received a fair allowance of fractured cranium, with the additional security of a stab through the spinal cord, is as unpleasant a customer as he is dangerous, having the peculiar gift of biting after death!

Jersey, Guernsey, and all the Channel Isles, are also remarkable for their knowing "hookers," the natives are great "dabsters" at it, and pride themselves not a little in the presence of Englishmen, whom they also consider fair game for "hooking," on this accomplishment. The "catch" varies there from most other coasts, a peculiarity arising no doubt from the impregnable protection offered for breeding and safe rearing of many descriptions of fish not met with elsewhere. The endless beds of rocks are a safe barrier to many intruders. At the Menkies and other dreaded obstacles to navigation whose names I have forgotten, but whose death-spreading forms remain unchanged through time, it was thought but poor sport to return after a night's excursion with less than 80 cwt of gigantic conger, besides many etceteras. Lobsters are there also commonly taken with the

hook; mackerel, snipe fish, and above all, that most delicious of epicurean fishes and dishes, the rose red mullet, and which, for size and flavor, are not to be surpassed from any other grounds. The baits used are simple but numerous, and in obtaining them consists the chief difficulty that the "hooker" has to contend against. Opportunities, longed for, present themselves for taking certain descriptions of piscivorous dainties, and, alas! there is no bait in the market, and none to be got for love or money. The only remedy then left is to fall back upon the inside of small crabs, or go dig on the shore for worms; otherwise, as a *dernier resort* you will have to wait for the moon, and put your trust in sand eels, if you can catch them—with a hook. Picnic parties for sand-ealing of a night are in Jersey extremely pleasant and much in vogue. Shrimps and prawns are very requisite for certain bottom feeding fish, and generally procurable with a square net from the basins left by the last tide on the rocks. For conger, square junks of mackerel are indispensable, and seldom fail to attract them when on "the run." Once well in among them, who can help exclaiming, "Here's sport indeed." The immediate cause of my recurring to this once to my favorite pastime, has been occasioned by a sporting wager recently made between two gentlemen of this town and county of Southampton, whose reputation as scientific "hookers" is undoubtedly second to none; this old method of settling differences of opinion being considered by themselves and their respective admirers the very best way of deciding the knotty point as to who is the best man with a hook, without risking their friendship. The terms, or conditions rather, of this piscatory but are so extremely novel and amusing, viewed in a sporting light, that having been finally agreed to by both parties, the following account of them may serve, not only to interest your readers, but also remain as a guide in all future amicable arrangements of those sporting jealousy which call for strong and conclusive adjustment. The stakes, *already posted*, are a pony a side; each principal to choose an umpire; the referee to be agreed to amongst themselves; the whole party of five to be unaccompanied by any friend, assistant, or companion of any sort (one of them owns a magnificent dog); they are to engage an open boat, to be chosen by the umpire: wine, spirits, beer, and tobacco, strictly forbidden; baits unlimited, tackle ditto; two lines each only down at one time: number of hooks on each line, four; to fish at a spot to be agreed to, or, in case of non-agreement, to be settled by the umpire and referee; time to be occupied in fishing, three hours: one to fish at the bow, the other at the stern—side of the boat immaterial—to change places at the end of the first hour and a half; to toss for choice of change places at the end of the first hour and a half; to toss for choice of ends on the ground (?); the day for action, wind, weather, and tide depends on the ground (?); the day for action, wind, weather, and tide depends on the ground (?); to be appointed by umpires and referee. These are the spirit, if not the exact words, of the articles of the wager and thus far for the present all runs smoothly in abeyance. Having been paid the compliment (? of being asked to act as referee on this "hook and I" expedition my peremptory declining the honor and dangers to so onerous a post will, I think, appear to all as very reasonable, and founded on probable results. Five men in an open boat, two already antagonists, two others likely to become so, cold, hungry, nothing to "splice the main brace," no vittals, no beer, no baccy, no nothing to promote good fellowship or warm feelings aboard—what is more natural than that, at the first cry of "Question," a general shindy—but no, the question is too ultra-marine! In fine, I don't at all fancy singing "I'm afloat, I'm afloat," on the keel of my boat. Neither do I wish to be made an object for grappling "hooks." I have forgotten one most important part of the agreement. As it is a mere question of honorable superiority and not the "filthy lucre" that calls these heroes to brave the cheerless elements, the winner gives a dinner for twelve! May the chief parties concerned be there to enjoy it!—A. H. B. in *Sporting Gazette*.

A SUNFISH IN THE CROUCH.—We captured rather a curiosity here on Wednesday evening last, the 21st ult. Some hands on board a barge at Hullbridge, a place on the Crouch, about twelve miles above Burnham, observed a large fish strike in between their craft and their shore, evidently drawing a lot of water, judging by its appearance, and its floundering in the shallows. They ran out directly a couple of booms, one at the head and another at the stern of the barge, on the chance of intercepting its retreat. The plan was effectual and they soon had the gratification of seeing the ebb-tide leave the ugly creature high and dry. It proved a sunfish of the following dimensions: length (measured), four feet six inches; breadth, three feet three inches; thickness (about), sixteen inches; ventral and dorsal fins, each two feet long by a foot in width at base, tapering off, of course, to rounded points; tail end, quite square, two feet six inches wide. Depth of water required to swim in, clear of the ground and submerged, eight or nine feet. There was nothing symmetrical about him—her rather, for it was a female—"built off by the sun, and chopped off in fathoms as required," was an idea suggested amongst us. Hundreds of the Essex folks had the opportunity of a forming a similar opinion, for it was carried off to Chelmsford on Friday and shown round the market. On Saturday its bap-tists gave it a trip to Rayleigh, Rochford, etc., for the same exhibitory purpose. Presumed weight from four hundred weight to four hundred and a half, as when dead, with three planks, it took six good men to lift it on to the sea wall. It is asserted by those capable of knowing, that no such specimen has been taken on the Essex coast within memory. How came it in the Crouch? Was it owing to the late gales? I may add that a large fish has been observed at intervals for months past in the Blackwater, and the fishermen have jumped to the conclusion that he is caught at last. It will be as well to wait awhile before accepting the opinion as a verdict, maybe the visitant of the northern river will set up an *alibi*.—William S. Paine, in *Land and Water*.

A DISPATCH mentions the fact, without stating any particulars, that ten operatives lost their lives at the burning of a cotton mill near London, England. This calamity, following so swift on the heels of that in New England, will call public attention more than ever to the necessity of greater safeguards against fires in these large factories.

LARGE PIKE.—Lord Darnley writes me: "My attention has been called your interesting account of Prince Christian's monster pike, I think you must have forgotten the fish found dead here two or three years since, of which my keeper sent you particulars, and which I believe you had at Mr. Ward's, and of which you were good enough similarly to insert a description in your paper. That pike measured forty-nine inches in length, twenty-four in girth, and weighed thirty-six pounds, thus beating all the fish mentioned in your last report."—F. Buckland, in *Land and Water*.

A BIG EEL.—Squire L. P. Young, a celebrated angler, went, with some members of his class to North Elkhorn, the other day, and was eclipsed by one of his pupils, George Roszel, who caught a large eel, weighing two pounds eight ounces, and measuring two feet nine inches. When George felt the tugging at his line, and lifted the thing out of the water, he thought he had a turtle, and then, as he lifted a little more, he thought it was a snake. But Bro. Young, calling out to him, told him to hold on, it was an eel. What is remarkable about the case is that it is the only eel seen in the waters of the Elkhorn for many years. This one seems to have been a sort of hermit. —*Lexington Free Press*.

REMARKABLE TROUT.—Colonel Whyte writes me: "I inclose a sketch of a trout sent me by my son, who has been fishing at Ische. It runs up from the lakes in the autumn. He writes, one was speared of 30 lbs. last week, and they say they have been killed up to 45 lbs. The fishermen call it Lucksprella, which means Taffrehead salmon trout. This sketch was taken with great care, and is as accurate as a photograph, even to the spots, which are dark and irregular (there are no red spots), and save these dark spots, the skin is of a most beautiful silver and gold color. It cuts red in the flesh, and is rather coarse to eat, but no doubt would be better if taken earlier in the season."—F. Buckland, in *Land and Water*.

The Kennel.

FOX HOUNDS FOR AMERICA.

Being often asked about hounds, and where to get them, we think a few words on the subject may not be out of place in the Kennel Department. We consider that English fox hounds would be entirely too fast for this country, either for fox or deer, but that the Harrier, taking 18 inches as the standard, would be about right. They have more melody, (we ought to say throw their tongues more); for what can be more melodious than a pack of fox hounds? Echo answers, nothing. A good cry is especially to be desired where hunting is carried on, more particularly in woods than in the open, and here harriers will carry the palm. Again, they are not so fast, which also is wanted, but they ought to be kept to their own work, be it fox or be it deer, not hunted indiscriminately, if really good hounds are required. We, in our younger days, have hunted with some fox hounds in Wales that we think would be the exact thing wanted here. They were rough coated, red and white, not too fast, with splendid notes. We used to start out before dawn and hunt the fox to his kennel by his drag, and take four, five, and six hours sometimes before we caught him. Whether there are any of these hounds to be procured there now or not, we cannot say. Should any information as to price of hounds, different breeds, etc.; be wanted we will endeavor to procure such by writing to a party from whom we got some hounds when making up a scratch pack some years ago, for our own amusement. Nothing looks better than to see hounds all together when following their quarry; nothing looks worse than to see one or two hounds leading two or three hundred yards ahead, and an odd one or two bringing up the rear. We must endeavor to have then as nearly of a pace as possible, by drafting those too fast as well as those too slow. The kennel is a grave matter, as hounds are very susceptible to damp, which brings in its train a host of evils, viz: kennel lameness, mange, and rheumatism. The situation should be high and dry, with a southern aspect and thoroughly drained. Wheat straw makes the best bedding, and should be changed twice a week at least in summer, and every morning the bedding should be shaken up, and the benches swept free of dust before putting it back. Frequent whitewashing should be resorted to, making the kennels sweet and healthy. When washing out the kennels the hounds ought to be taken out for a walk, unless you have an extra lodging room to put them in. Be very sure your straw for their bedding is kept perfectly dry.

CAN HYDROPHOBIA BE CONTRACTED FROM A HEALTHY DOG?

Fearful as this malady is, there was one consolation that, although the disease has been comparatively prevalent of late, it could be contracted under very exceptional circumstances, which were that it could only be induced by the inoculation of the virus from a rabid animal. If we are to believe the reports of some cases that have recently appeared, this slight consolation is denied us, and we are given to understand that a bite from a dog perfectly healthy, may occasionally lead to the development of the dis-

case in the injured individual. It will probably be recollected that on the 17th instant we casually referred to two cases of hydrophobia which, as far as the evidence was concerned, went to show that the disease in these particular instances was caused by the bite of non-rabid dogs. The question is one of most serious moment, and we fear will tend to increase the alarm already felt, and the exaggerated ideas entertained on this subject. It is, therefore, with much pleasure we see the matter taken up by one so able and experienced as Mr. Fleming, of the Royal Engineers, who, in a letter to the *Lancet*, tells us that the notion was started many years ago, and that instances are recorded of such occurrences in medical literature, but that in veterinary medical literature not one instance appears. This is the more strange from the fact that many more animals than persons are bitten by both non-rabid and rabid dogs, and that the deaths from hydrophobia and rabies are far more numerous in the brute creation than amongst mankind; hence a wild field for experience. Great reliance may be placed on this statement, more particularly with reference to the literature of the continent, where it is well known that the members of the veterinary faculty are and have always been most exact observers and industrious reporters in all cases coming within their province, and more especially in its connection with this particular subject. In the few cases where the disease has been supposed to have been generated by the bite of a healthy dog, there has never been anything like strong corroborative evidence advanced in support of the theory. In fact, the only evidence that seems to be available in such cases is that of the patient, who with such a terrible agony racking his body and mind, cannot be expected to be particularly clear as to how he may have contracted the malady. If rabies and hydrophobia are to be classed among the specific contagious diseases, it would be contrary to everything known of these to assert that they could be communicated by persons in perfect health. We certainly concur with Mr. Fleming when he states that nothing can be more erroneous and terrifying than the assertion that rabies may be induced by the bite of a healthy animal, and it must be strenuously denied that such a result is possible. No wound, injury, or bite from a healthy dog will produce the specific disease termed rabies, although the so-called hydrophobia is reported as due to other causes than dog-bite, and among other examples the case spoken of by Pelletier of Mans, of a woman having contracted it from having been bitten in the breast by a child he was sucking, may be mentioned. Surely, if the malady can be contracted from non-rabid dogs, a far larger percentage of the hundreds and thousands of persons who are bitten and wounded in various ways by such animals, would contract the disease, than has already been attributed to such causes. Abundant proofs in support of this assertion are brought forward by Mr. Fleming, who quotes what Professor Pillwax, of the Imperial Veterinary Institute of Vienna, has adduced against such an alarming statement. In 1862, when rabies appeared as an epizooty at Vienna, 552 dogs were brought for examination at the Institute, and all these except thirty-two of the number were found free from the disease; of the remainder only a few were unhealthy; these were suffering from many or epilepsy. Of the 400 dogs found in healthy condition, the majority were officially stated to have bitten people not one of whom died from hydrophobia. Since the year 1848 the professor states that he has had to examine suspected and really rabid animals, and that from 300 to 400 dogs that have bitten people have been brought annually to the Veterinary Institute to be examined as suspected, and that of 5,000 or more that have been so examined by him, not one of the persons so injured by them has had hydrophobia; therefore, if a non-rabid dog is capable of transmitting the true hydrophobia-cannula to a person he may bite, some of these people would surely have suffered therefrom.—*Land and Water*.

SPORTING DOGS IN FRANCE.—For some years past sporting dogs—principally pointers and retrievers—have been getting scarcer and scarcer in France, and a good dog, that could have been purchased ten years ago at the opening of the shooting season for a hundred and fifty or two hundred francs, can now hardly be procured for love or money. People over here who are supposed to be authorities on the subject account for this rapidly increasing scarcity of sporting dogs by the fact that keepers are now so busily engaged in rearing game that they have no time to look after the kennel; but others declare that on land over which people were in the habit of shooting with a pointer a few years ago game has now become remarkably scarce, and that in places where it is more plentiful beaters are employed to drive it up to the sportsmen, who consequently can do without dogs. The want of dog shows, which are of somewhat rare occurrence in this country, is likely to have a good deal to do with the decrease of well-bred animals. Landed proprietors in France, as a rule, breed few dogs for their own private use, and do not trouble themselves about how their neighbors get on. If you interrogate them on the subject, they will tell you that they do not wish to incur the expense and constant worry of dog-breeding for the purpose of selling one or two pups in the course of the year. If periodical shows were organized, and prizes worth competing for were offered for the best breed of dogs, noblemen and country gentlemen would be encouraged to breed, and even gamekeepers would take more interest in the matter than they do now. In the meanwhile, the French are not idle. A dog-breeding establishment has been opened in the Bois de Boulogne, at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, under the superintendence of M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, who during the last five months has received no less than 448 requests for dogs for different French noblemen and gentlemen, a circumstance which goes a long way to show that the undertaking is likely to be successful. The stock consists principally of the best breeds of Brittany, Gascony, St. Hubert, St. Onge, Vendee, Artois, and Nivernais; but M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire has also introduced some foreign blood, among which one may notice a couple of black English pointers, a Scotch setter-bitch, and two Irish spaniels. The French, with their usual conceit, are very angry at this, and, supported by a few ignorant scribblers in the sporting press, loudly declare that French blood is the best in the world, and that it cannot be improved by being crossed with what is termed the "English

bastard race." These opinions, however, do not seem to have much effect on M. St. Hilaire, who steadily perseveres in his task, and who is too intelligent to be influenced by any such silly prejudices.—*E. H. W., in Land and Water*.

HAIRLESS DOGS, No. 1.—Beyond the wretched specimens occasionally met with whose hairless condition can only be attributed to constitutional weakness, produced by breeding in-and-in, very few, if any, members of the canine race are ever seen in this country void of their natural clothing. In China and certain districts of Africa a certain breed of dogs, whose distinguishing characteristic is a hairless skin, it is well known is found in considerable numbers, and is used in both countries as an article of food, being considered a great luxury in the former. Naked dogs do not, however, seem to be peculiar to the two above countries, as Mr. T. Belt, F. G. S., met with some in his recent explorations in Nicaragua. At Colon he saw several of a shining dark color, and quite hairless except a little on the face and on the top of the tail. Humboldt makes some mention of the hairless dogs which he found in large numbers in Peru; and in that country and in Mexico hairless dogs were found by the Spanish invaders. It is well known that hairless dogs have been common in China since very early times, and Mr. Belt thinks it would be extremely interesting to compare the Nicaraguan hairless dog with those of the latter country, as it might probably add another link to the broken chain of evidence that connects the two peoples. Clavigero describes a hairless dog as being indigenous to Mexico, and his description agrees with that of those found by Mr. Belt, except as to size, the former being four feet long; it was, however, totally naked, except a few stiff hairs on the snout. Of the two races of indigenous dogs spoken of by Tschudi in tropical America, the *Canis Carabicus*, a hairless dumb dog, was one. The Mexicans used to breed a small edible dog, which they called *Techichi*, a term which Humboldt holds means "a dumb dog." If the term be correct, in all probability this animal (of which the Spaniards found that such excellent and delicate dishes were made by the natives) is identical with the *Techichi* above-mentioned, as the hairless varieties wherever they have existed appear to have been almost invariably selected by dog-flesh lovers. One circumstance in connection with the hairless varieties—at least with those of Central America—is the fact that, although no attention is paid to their breeding, they have not mixed with the haired varieties, but have survived to the present time without losing any of their distinctive characteristics.—*Land and Water*.

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES WITH A BULLDOG.—A very just sentence was passed at the Glamorganshire Quarter Sessions on Saturday last on a man named Senkins, of Llanwmo, for feloniously setting on a bulldog, without any provocation, to attack a navy named Bennett, in November last. Bennett, while eating his luncheon at some coke ovens, where he has had permission to warm himself, was ordered off by the prisoner, who had no authority whatever to send him away. Stating that he had received permission to remain there, Bennett refused to leave, whereupon prisoner set his dog at him; the animal, however, who had some bits of his luncheon given him by prosecutor, refused at first to attack the latter. Prisoner, however, incited the dog to the attack by taking hold of and shaking the prosecutor's coat and trousers. The result was that a regular struggle, lasting for twenty-five minutes, ensued, until, finally, Bennett managed to escape across a river, but was so exhausted by fright and loss of blood that he fell down, and was found in a senseless condition by some men, and taken to Pontypridd Union. There he remained for nine months, and it was found on medical examination that he had received forty-five wounds from bites. The jury, who found the prisoner guilty, recommended him to mercy, but on what grounds they were utterly at a loss to say. The chairman took a right view of the case, and sentenced Jenkins, who had no authority whatever to order prosecutor away, to eighteen months' hard labor, or just double the time the victim of his inhuman cruelty spent in the union infirmary.—*Land and Water*.

HAIRLESS DOGS, No. 2.—The communication on this subject which you published last Saturday is interesting to dog-fanciers. I have seen at different times about a dozen hairless dogs, but the handsomest which I have ever seen belongs to a Frenchman, who lives in or near Rathbone-place. I fell in with him a few months ago as I was walking to Lincoln's Inn, and admired his dog, which he had just bought, as he told, from the captain of a ship trading from China, at a long price, and which all the money of all the Rothschilds would not tempt him to sell. This dog was in size and shape a very well-made and muscular Italian greyhound, but its head was something between that of a dog and that of a pig. It had a very fine taper tail or stern. Its color would be described by its owner as *cafe au lait*. The owner was when I first saw him, talking with some one at the door of the shop of a biscuit-baker, No. 1 Charlotte street, who probably knows where the dog's owner resides. He is a connoisseur of dogs (as I have seen him with some pretty animals, besides my hairless friend, several times). Dog-fanciers will find it worth while to look up the dog in question. I remember that when I was a student of Christ Church, many years ago, a curious kind of (practically) hairless dog was exhibited as a cross between a sheep and a dog. The animal had a disease which was, I think, called *Plica polonica*, the consequence of which was that a viscid matter exuded from the skin, and destroyed the hair which hung round the dog's body like a dirty matted sheepskin. In those days Mr. Frank Buckland's late father was the most popular cannon of the Great House, and recollect that at a breakfast given by him in honor of some distinguished American, he explained to some guests who believed that the animal was really a cross between a sheep and a dog, that no such hybrid could possibly exist. One of the professor's numerous good qualities was that he never laughed at any one. Perhaps, as a distinguished religious body, he admired faith even when it advanced to credulity.—*E. K. Karslake, in Land and Water*.

RECENT CASES OF HYDROPHOBIA.—M. Noci, ex-director of the French Theatre at Pera, has, we learn, lately succumbed to an attack of this malady. About three months ago he was bitten by a favorite little spaniel which died a few days after. Wishing to learn the cause of the death of his pet, M. Noci took the body to be examined, when it was discovered from the indications presented that rabies had been the cause of death, a circumstance of which he was quite unaware. A few days since the usual symptoms of hydrophobia set in, and M. Noci's case adds another name to the already lengthy list of fatal instances of hydrophobia that have occurred during the past twelve months. An inquiry was held at St. Bartholomew's Hospital on Wednesday last into the cause of the death of Mrs. Anderson, of Potter's Bar, Middlesex. It was stated that a dog belonging to Mr. Cozens, of Old St. Pancrase-road, had escaped from a stable at Potter's Bar, where it was kept for the owner, and attacked and bit the deceased whilst she was in the garden some short time since. On Saturday last the deceased was brought to the hospital, and showed all the symptoms of hydrophobia, of which she died on Sunday. The dog was killed by the person who had it in charge; but as neither the latter nor the actual owner had thought fit to attend at the inquest after being summoned, the case was adjourned for their attendance.—*Land and Water.*

AN AFFECTIONATE SETTER.—A black-and-tan Gordon setter, first prize winner at Crystal Palace Show, has just had a litter of puppies (all black-and-tans) by Young Horne, also a prize-winner at above show, 1874. A foster mother was advertised for, but one could not be found. Anxious to save such valuable puppies, a nursing bottle was procured, and the gentleman having lately purchased a Gordon setter of Major Douglass' breed—a beautiful animal three years old—six of the above puppies were put beside her for the purpose of being kept warm, when she at once took to them fondly, and strange as it may appear, suckled them most affectionately, and having plenty of nourishment for the little beauties, they are doing well, and can be seen at Marshall-place Cottage, Innellan, Argyshire, Scotland.—*Land and Water.*

Billiards.

EDITED BY "BUTTONS."

THE "FRENCH" GAME ON ENGLISH TABLES.

AN ENGLISH OPINION OF IT, AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE RECENT COOK-RUDOLPHE MATCH.

The latest number of the London *Land and Water*, which has come to hand, contains an article upon Cook's recent match with Rudolphe. As this article contains some curious expressions of opinions upon the character of American billiard audiences, but supplements them with some admirably impartial remarks relative to the differences between the French and English games, we venture to reprint it entire. The ideas therein suggested chime in perfect harmony with some of our own, which we had intended to incorporate into some one of a series of articles on billiards; wherein the merits and weaknesses of the game of billiards, as played in the three countries which have produced the greatest players of the art—viz. England, France and America—were to be treated of.

This proving a very pat occasion, then, to introduce some of those remarks, we do so; first reprinting the article, which reads as follows:

COOK vs. RUDOLPHE IN AMERICA.

The piercing shriek of the American eagle is perhaps never so dissonant as when given forth in the hour of fancied victory.

The tone adopted by a certain portion of the American press in reference to the late billiard match between Cook and Rudolphe will probably cause the same feeling of mingled amusement as the after-dinner remark of the American lady who expressed her satisfaction at the termination of a successful table d'hôte in the elegant phrase, "I guess I'm pretty crowded." The following startling heading appears in Wilke's paper, or to give it its full title, *The Spirit of the Times*, "The American Gentleman's Paper," the heading being printed entirely in capital letters, "Five hours' manipulation—All England brought to grief—Rudolphe in high glee—Cook disgusted with the blasted game—Large attendance—A tedious time—*Exult* (sic) the Punch-and-Judy game." It is perhaps difficult to know which to admire the most, the elegance of the English or the elegance of the Latin. When, however, it is borne in mind that the above is addressed to American gentlemen, it will be easier to realize the sort of audience before which the English champion had to appear. It is no easy task to describe a Yankee sporting gathering. The strange mixture of "Bourse" and "Billingsgate," the eager, excited faces, and the torrents of tobacco-juice and blasphemy that pour from their lips. The method, too, of scoring in America is very bewildering, and we have been informed by an eye-witness that this, coupled with the crowding round the table that took place, very much discomposed Cook. Still, however, the more we examine into the game the more are we bound to admire the magnificent play of Rudolphe. Those who have ever attempted to play the uninteresting cannon game on an English table will know how very difficult it is to make a break of even 10, i. e., ten cannons, as, according to the French method of scoring, each cannon only counts one. Now Rudolphe's best break was 26; he in addition made another break of 25, and two more of 22. We doubt whether such large breaks have ever been made on an English table before. Cook's best break was only 16, and next to that one of 10.

The fact is, the English have for long past been too much in the habit of despising the French game. It is probably a much more scientific game than ours. Fluking, the curse of the English game, leading as it often does to gigantic scores, is almost unknown. Had the question been asked a month ago, Which will you back on an English table, with the ordinary sized balls, at the cannon game—Cook or a good French player? the answer from ninety-nine men out of a hundred who do not understand the French game, would have been 10 to 1 on Cook. The result, however, proves that Cook simply had no chance. Billiards is a game far more general in France than in England, and so far as mastery over the balls is concerned, a Frenchman is infinitely superior to an Englishman.

Those who recollect some years ago the encounter between Roberts, senior, and Berger will remember the extraordinary performance of the latter player with a set of English billiard balls of 2 1-16 diameter. He used to place a hat in the middle of the table, and playing from baulk cause his ball to run right round without touching it or a cushion back again into baulk. He used also to mark with a piece of chalk three semicircles on the cloth, and striking his ball downwards in what is called the "masse" stroke, would make his ball follow the line. It is the power that a good Frenchman possesses in this stroke that gives him such an advantage in positions. Where an English player would push a French player would "masse." Now, in the late game in America, Rudolphe had recourse to this stroke no less than thirteen times, whereas Cook never scored once in that manner; whether he even attempted it, we do not know.

Now that public attention has been called to the French game, it is very probable that an impulse will be given to the French game in this country. One great advantage it possesses is the size of the table. Now no room will accommodate an English table unless it be 22 feet long by 16 feet wide. There are hundreds of small hotels, especially in the country, that would gladly have a billiard table but are unable to do so on account of having no room sufficiently large.

A good French table would not only be a novelty, but far superior to either a bagatelle table or a small-sized English billiard one. A French table is of course much cheaper, much lighter, and above all can be accommodated in a room 15ft. by 12ft. We trust that before long some good English billiard table manufacturer will make and exhibit a first-class French table. Why do not Messrs. Burroughes and Watts try their hands and make a few?

The game, however, is over, and Cook has been beaten by 126 points. So far from having lost caste by his defeat as English champion, he deserves considerable praise for his pluck in attempting to play the game he can scarcely be supposed to fully understand. Probably the late Mr. Kentfield would have been a better representative than Cook in a game which at best on the English table must be considered a cramp game. That Cook was extremely ill-advised in playing there can be no doubt.

Some of the foregoing remarks will at least bear the construction of uncharitable, and entirely uncalled for in an article concerning billiards; while others show that the writer has had the imprudence to relieve himself in a way which savors either of pure fiction or very gross misinformation. At the outset we are treated to some choice diction common to American "ladies;" next the writer thinks the display of head-lines in the *Spirit of the Times* to be very bad taste. If he were more familiar with the phrases of America journalism, he would see their necessity. American gentlemen do their reading even, with the same rapidity with which they dispatch business and bolt their meals. These head-lines are the samples, and a glance at them enables the peruser to decide at once, whether the reading of the entire article would be agreeable to him; any other arrangement would be distasteful to American readers, and thereby many an instructive and entertaining article would go unread by them.

The article then proceeds to pay a compliment to American "gentlemen," which is only rivalled by the preceding one to American "ladies." Then follows a description of what the writer chooses to call "a Yankee sporting gathering;" he speaks of the strange mixture of "Bourse" and "Billingsgate;" which expression (implying the "swells" and the "roughs") is quite to the life. But, we question much, if those who compose British sporting gatherings are all "Chesterfields" and "admirable Crichtons." "Eager, excited faces" is putting it a trifle strong, and "torrents of tobacco-juice" is a pardonable rhetorical tumor; but the balance of the description we take exception to. We have attended scores of billiard matches, (and the writer of this has repeatedly acted as referee), and have never seen any of the tigerish looks described above; and as to the "torrents of blasphemy" the writer mentions, it is too serious an insult to American gentlemen, to let it go, by calling it nonsense; if the writer of the article in question, possesses what he might call "manners," he will refrain from making another such a boorish and groundless attack upon his sporting "Brother Jonathan."

We are at a loss to know what there can be "bewildering" in our "method of scoring;" it merely consists in the marker's distinctly calling the points, and at suitable intervals announcing the score of the respective contestants, for the convenience of those seated at some distance from the "buttons;" as to the "crowding round the table," we hope this gentleman's optic will receive no permanent injury when we venture to remark, it is "all in his eye." The remainder of the article is wholly free from that bile with which

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 470.)

THE FIELD

Official Organ of Illinois & Tennessee State Sportsmen's Associations.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We require the name and address of the writer with each communication. Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondence will receive no attention.

All communications intended for THE FIELD must be addressed to "The Editor," 76 & 78 Fifth Avenue, and not privately to any person who may be known in connection with the paper.

W. H. C. Deloit.—The score of the shooting at Champaign, Ill., Oct. 27, was published in this paper of Oct. 31. Bogardus' name does not appear in the score. We have no record of any other trap shooting at Champaign during the latter part of October.

F. P. Montello.—Messrs. Jno. R. Barrett & Co., 150 State street, Chicago, can furnish binders for THE FIELD. Prices, 80c, \$1.00, and \$1.25.

The address of the "Canadian Sportsman" is 85 and 87 Bay street, Toronto.

J. W. V., Le Roy, Ill.—In shooting matches, a different custom prevails from that governing any other branch of sport, and when ties are shot off the losers do not become entitled to any prizes of a lower grade, consequently C. does not win third money.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

OUR BOASTED GAME PROTECTION.

We printed last week a letter from "Lew," which we hope has been thoughtfully read by our local and State sportsmen. There is too much truth in it for it to go unheeded. The writer is evidently one of those men referred to in our editorial of last week, viz: a man who goes into an association for game protection with honest intentions, and for that specific purpose only. He appears to be thoroughly earnest in his remarks, and heartily provoked at the many derelictions of duty he sees on all sides; and we cordially support his views. The managers of the Illinois State Sportsmen Association must remember, that only by individual vigilance and individual integrity, can the purposes of their organization be accomplished. Furthermore, our local members, who are very numerous and influential should see to it that they do not forget the duties which devolve upon them, so that no appearance even of inattention may arise to cause dissatisfaction among their co-laborers in other parts of the State.

The communication referred to makes some assertions, which, if true, reveals a lamentable state of affairs; whereby the foregoing cautions are imperatively demanded. From it, it appears that the Association is likely to come into bad repute; not a single case of prosecution (he says) has taken place under the auspices of the Association, but all such work has been left to the zeal of a few individuals. Tasks of this kind are not only thankless ones, but are liable to breed ill-will, and bring reproach upon the undertakers as being meddling informers. Many a member undoubtedly shrinks from a single-handed attempt; which, he would gladly undertake, if there was the vague majesty of an Association behind to back him up, and meet the expense of prosecuting.

Moreover, our correspondent brings the members to task in sharp terms, not alone for remissness in attention to their bounden duties, but for positive efforts in entirely the contrary direction, viz: stimulating the destruction of

game, instead of its preservation; by offering, in their corporate capacity as an Association, medals for the best trap shooting. We do not wish to be understood, for one moment, as advocating the abolition of trap shooting, but we certainly hold that exhibitions of marksmanship are just what the State Association should have nothing to do with. It is an entire perversion of its objects, and a misappropriation of its funds, which were collected for a very different purpose from being squandered in a gold medal to adorn some member's coat.

No! Exhibitions of skill in trap shooting should be in contests between members of local clubs, or between clubs, as such, and for whatever prizes or testimonials the individuals may choose to subscribe.

It was far from being the purpose of the framers of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Illinois Association to give pre-eminence to marksmanship, although the closing words of Article I. of the Constitution are, "generous emulation among sportsmen." The first words read that it was "formed for the purpose of securing the proper legislation for the protection of game and fish." It was for this very legislation that funds were subscribed; and when at the outset, gentlemen from the country objected to joining, and paying out their money to be spent on medals, and for birds for trap shooting, it was explained on all sides that no such thing was to be done; and if any trap shooting took place amongst the members of the Association, the expense should be borne entirely by the participants and in no way to fall upon the Association. Yet, the Constitution and By-Laws were no more than adopted than the Executive Committee were instructed to prepare for a "Trap Shooting Tournament," to be held at the first Annual Meeting of the Association. Under the promises made, no one offered any objections; but some forty days afterward the Executive Committee voted \$150 from the funds of the Association for a first prize of the coming Tournament, in direct opposition to the faith previously pledged.—Nor was this all; we have been in receipt of complaints from several sources, since that Tournament was held, in regard to what happened subsequently to it.

Notwithstanding it had been guaranteed that the Association's treasury should not be drawn upon to meet the cost of such a tournament in any way whatever, arbitrary assessments of various amounts were made upon members in and out of the city, to pay for birds used, the expense of which had far over-run the amount collected from individuals; part of which assessments were also used in the "promotion of friendly intercourse" by means of a "collation": of duly required by Article I of the Constitution. Whereupon can our readers object that such such members as "Lew" feel that they have just grounds for complaints. "Lew" in his indignation puts it a trifle too strong when he charges that nine-tenths of the participants were professionals or gamblers; but it is a notorious fact that almost any one can become a member of different State associations, and a crack shot can do considerable "revolving" in the course of a season.

Doubtless the members began to see now, what they did not in the excitement and jollification necessary to the christening of the new born society: they have had time for reflection, and we hope a new start will be taken at the regular meeting of the Association to be held in Chicago on the second Tuesday in January, 1875. The Illinois Association is the third oldest in the country, and six have been organized since, while three other states are agitating strongly. It behooves such a venerable organization as this to remember that it must move in a straight path to the goal for which it started, to the end that these younger associations, which have been following closely in its tracks, may not be led into devious paths wherefrom no good can be reached. That good is, to secure *Legislative Protection*, and harmonize the relation between sportsmen and land owners, and not to "eat drink and be merry." We sincerely hope the Association will abolish the custom of holding an annual Trap Shooting Tournament; leaving that to be done by individuals and Clubs, which would include precisely the same set of shooters as before. This will leave the Association free to attend to its legitimate duties, and for which purpose only must its funds be used. There can be no objection whatever to its sanctioning Gun Trials, and a Bench Shows and Field Trials of Dogs.

If the Association does not take some such action and give members outside of the city some guarantee that its intentions are to be carried out, it will cause such members to conclude that it does not pay them to part with their money for the purpose to which it has been consigned.

FEHRMANN'S HORSE-PROTECTOR.—We would call the attention of all interested in horses, to an important invention by Herr Fehrmann, a civil engineer of Potsdam. This improvement has attracted attention in England, so much so that *Land and Water* gives an editorial descriptive of the improved drawing-tackle; we reprint this in our regular turf column, and hope that horse owners will give it a careful perusal. If its advantages are all that are claimed for it in the saving of horse flesh, it will undoubtedly be speedily introduced in America.

DEPARTURE OF THE IRISH TEAM.—The Irish Team sailed for home on Wednesday last. Prior to their departure, Arthur B. Leach, the Captain, published a card, in which he says: "We shall always bear in mind our trip to America in 1874, and ever remember with pride and pleasure that we have made the acquaintance—may I not rather say, the friendship—of many citizens with whom we consider it an honor to have been associated. I trust that next year it may be my happiness to unite with others in honoring our friends from America, on the occasion of their visit to Ireland in June, 1875. The eager anticipation with which we all look forward to that meeting in the best measure of the hearty gratitude with which we now say farewell."

NEW BOOKS.

FIELD, COVER, AND TRAP SHOOTING.—By Adam H. Bogardus, Champion Wing Shot of America. Edited by Charles J. Foster, New York; J. B. Ford & Co., Chicago; Jansen, McClurg & Co.

AMERICAN WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.—By Joseph W. Long, New York; J. B. Ford & Co., Chicago; Jansen, McClurg & Co.

MARGARET HAMILTON. A NOVEL.—By Mrs. C. J. Newby, Philadelphia; T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Chicago; Jansen, McClurg & Co.

We have received from Jansen, McClurg & Co., 117 and 119 State street, the above books, two of which demand special attention. We have seen shoals of books before now, attempting to cover the same subjects as embodied in the above; but they were either stale from the constant repetition of stock anecdotes cribbed from works on natural history, or else were written by some author who made his work powerfully jejune by doing too much "shooting" with the encyclopedia and the Latin language, and not enough in the field. Consequently, there has been a long-felt want for some work with fresh information of sterling merit, and free from any touch of Baron Munchausen. These books by Bogardus and Long supply this want completely; moreover, intending purchasers need not be afraid to buy both, as they do not clash, however much their titles might give that impression. Long's book is devoted entirely to aquatic fowl; while Bogardus gives seven chapters to land-fowl shooting and three to aquatic, followed by one on "Wild Turkey and Deer Shooting," one on the "Art of Shooting on the Wing," one on the "Breeding and Breaking of Sporting Dogs," and one (the last) on "Pigeon Shooting;" which latter is made up mostly of matches shot in by the author, and some remarkable scores he has made.

Long "tips us a little Latin" throughout his book: but the bolus is so small, in consequence of his confining himself to so few birds, that we can swallow it; the more so as the book is thoroughly enjoyable from one end to the other. Both writers, however, have had the atrocious taste to advertise the products of certain "Powder Companies" in their books; we mean in the body of the book, and not on sundry pages of advertisements which appear at the end of both books, to which latter we also take exception as being out of place in books designated for a gentleman's library, and only fit to be seen in school books. As might be expected, each writer advocates a different brand of powder; the selection of which is entirely one of fancy, and one in which men are very fickle. As a matter of fact however, the writer of this article himself was a wholesale dealer in gunpowder for some three years, and instituted a private test outside of the city; wherein the brands mentioned by Bogardus and Long were beaten out of sight by two other brands. The mention of such a thing in the book is as much out of place as it would be for Liszt to write a semi-instructive, semi-biographical book on music and crowd in an advertisement of some piano, by saying that he could only play well upon an instrument "from the celebrated factory of Jimjam and Sons;" whereas, if the name over the key-board were covered, neither he (nor any one else) could tell what he was playing on, so far as some half a dozen factories are concerned. However, all minor deficiencies can be overlooked in works of such general excellence. Bogardus' description of how he came to change from a muzzle to a breech-loader is of much more interest than the advice of what powder to buy.

In the editing of Bogardus' book, Mr. Foster has rendered the reading public a service on a par with his editing Hiram Woodruff's book on trotting. It is usually the case that the greatest practical exponents of certain sports and pastimes are uneducated men, who have cultivated their skill from boyhood until it has become second-nature to them; who couldn't for their lives write down "how" they do it, but can tell it in the "rough." Captain Bogardus has made a very happy selection in Mr. Foster as the man to apply the file, and the result has been the production of a standard work, embodying the essence of years of experience. Our readers will find the book well worth the money invested; and it should go with Mr. Long's book to form two complete handmaids.

"Margaret Hamilton" is the sixth volume of a new edition of the works

of Mrs. C. J. Newby. Her works are obtaining wide-spread popularity, and the one in question is brilliant and vivacious, while free from everything objectionable. The characters are forcibly drawn, and the plot is well sustained throughout.

MRS. ALBERT S. GAGE & KATIE PEASE.—We congratulate our townsman, Mr. A. S. GAGE, upon his memorable victory at San Francisco with the mare Katie Pease. Mr. Gage was at one time a partner in the great racing confederacy known as McDaniels and Company; but, during the past summer, Mr. Gage sold out his interest to Col. McDaniels. Either the whole or part of the condition of this transfer, was that Mr. Gage should have the sole use of Katie Pease for running purposes, until Jan. 1, 1875.

CORRECTION.—A subscriber in Memphis writes us that our correspondents report of the "Bench Show" of Dogs at the recent convention of the Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association was in error in two particulars. He informs us that Andrew Harris' dog took the prize in bench show of Pointers, and not Millers "Juno;" also that Capt. Lightburn's setter pup "Doc" took the certificate for setter puppy, instead of Saunder's "Nora." "Nora" is the mother of "Doc."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall be happy to receive articles of merit from our subscribers and correspondents in various parts of the country. We would caution such however not send in something for the sake of writing, but to give descriptions of interesting sporting events in as terse a manner as possible.

THE (INSURANCE) RECORD.—We have before us Vol. I, No. 1, of a new Insurance paper, published by the Underwriter's Union, 208 La Salle Street. The paper is printed in large clear type, and is full of interesting financial insurance, and literary matters.

MEETING OF THE NEW YORK SPORTSMEN CLUB.—In another column we print an account, (unavoidably crowded out of last week's issue), of a meeting of the above club, recently held in New York City at the house of its President, Royal Phelps, Esq. It will be found valuable reading, and show our western sportsmen that such gentlemen as Royal Phelps, R. B. Roosevelt, Gov. John A. Dix, Gouverneur Morris, Jr. etc., give their personal attention toward securing vigorous legislation for the preservation of their fish. It will also be noted by the managers of the Illinois State Association, that the "collation" served at that meeting was not paid for from the funds of the club.

GAME IN CENTRAL ILLINOIS.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Nov. 18th.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD:—Wild fowl shooting in this vicinity has so far, this fall, been a failure. Warm weather and scarcity of water have been the cause, most of the lakes and ponds being dry. Quail and Grouse (Prairie Chickens) are more numerous than for years past; so if we have not the duck shooting we have a good quail shooting as any sportsman could wish for, and grouse are more numerous than I have ever seen them at this season of the year.

TRUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD:—The shooting at Puckaway Lake is very fair; although the ducks are wild and the best shooting is done at the "fly-aways" or "duck passes." I would not advise sportsmen to visit the lake, however, for superior shooting, as a few days may suffice to change it greatly. Wild geese are comparatively plenty, but they are very hard to approach, and no certainty can be had in shooting them.

RED WING.

THE SADLER-BROWN MATCH.—A dispatch from Halifax, N. S., says:

"The Managing Committee of the Rowing Club has decided to correspond with *Bell's Life* to ascertain if the statement that Sadler was willing to come to America to row brown if £100 were allowed for expenses was correct. It was also decided, in the event of Sadler declining to come on the above terms, to offer him \$600 for expenses, to row in Halifax Harbor or Bedford Basin, and if neither of these offers be accepted by Sadler to let him choose any water in Ireland, and Brown will go there at his own expense. The time spoken of for the race is in July next."

TO COLOR GUT.—As your columns are always open to any suggestions regarding fishing or fishing-tackle, I would remind your readers that now is the time to give a good color to gut and casting lines: Get two or three of the green husks of the walnut, smash them up in half a tumbler of water, and soak the gut for an hour or two in the mixture. This will take all the glitter and shine out of the gut without destroying the strength or transparency.—*Scotus, in Land and Water.*

the opening paragraphs are so freely besprinkled, and discusses with great candor the causes of Cook's unexpected and overwhelming defeat.

The writer in *Land and Water* makes a "bull's-eye" shot, when he says that "so far as mastery over the balls is concerned, a Frenchman is infinitely superior to an Englishman;" we will add (if we may mention our countrymen in the same breath with natives of that country which thinks "there ain't no light in natur", when she winks"), or to an American. The paper makes reference to the extraordinary performances of Berger, in England some years ago; the "masse" stroke was shown to be the key to the "mystery of the balls;" but, as the "push" is still a privilege in the English game and this "masse" stroke was not required, English players never practiced it.

As to Cook's having been "extremely ill-advised" in making this match with Rudolphe, all we can say is, he went into it with his eyes open, and must have known that Rudolphe was Berger's superior in executing those wonderful strokes which serve to extricate from a tight spot in the French carom game. As we understand it, Cook himself had no small portion of the main stake, and we are quite certain his defeat was as wholly unexpected by himself and by his nation of English admirers, as it was a surprise to his American friends, who looked upon the match as a walk-over for Cook.

We cordially second *Land and Water's* suggestions that Englishmen throw off some of their conservatism, which amounts to bigotry sometimes; and cease to despise the French game, which (as they say) is "probably a much more scientific game" than the English game. Whether this be true in a superlative degree, we shall consider in a future number; but the mere fact that it is a game that has entirely superseded our old American game (substantially the same as the English, but requiring four balls instead of three and not permitting losing hazards) should convince any one that it possesses great attractions. We hope Messrs. Burroughes and Watts will act upon the suggestion made, and make some French tables, so that this most graceful and elegant pastime may be accessible to many, otherwise debarred by reason of the great size and weight of the English tables.

The New York (Delaney) Billiard Tournament.

Our record of this tournament closed last week with the complete results of thirty-two games, and at the last minute we were able to insert Slosson's dispatches from New York, giving the bare result of the last day's play, which closed the tournament. In order that our readers may be able to preserve this record complete, we give below the full score of the last four games and also a complete summary of the entire thirty-six games played.

The result of the four last games changed the position of some of the players, from that given at the expiration of the thirty-second game. J. Dion has had to "step down and out" from the first position, and Slosson by his very feeble game with Ubassy, has sunk his average of over eight and a half to just under eight.

We gave such full particulars last week of each player's performances, that but little more remains to be said.

The playing throughout was of a very high order, notwithstanding the general averages of the tournament fell gradually toward the close. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected that the brilliancy of the two opening games could be long sustained; for all that, many high averages were made, no less than eight averages of winners being over 15, while one player (C. Dion), lost a game on an average of over 15. J. Dion and Daly made the only average that exceeded 20. By the way, very few realize how much an inning or two more pulls down the average, when it is in the double figures. Thus, in 300-point games, 10 innings gives an average of 30; while 12 innings reduce it to 25, and 15 innings to 20; an enormous reduction in only five innings. Of the 36 games won, 23 were won on an average of over 10, and 13 were under 10. Daly made the smallest winning average in his game with C. Dion. The playing on the last day was very slow indeed, three of the four games being won on averages of 7. At the close of the 32d game, we published a list of runs exceeding 30; we give below a complete table of such runs, and by whom made.

It was expected that the encounters in the tournament would be productive of matches, and these expectations have been realized. Vignaud is likely to have his hands full, as C. Dion has already challenged him to a game of 800 points for \$500 a side, and Joseph Dion has challenged him for the championship and \$1,000 a side.

We were expecting dispatches from Slosson giving the result of playing off the ties, but heard nothing until he reported in person, as is noted in another paragraph. The final result was that Vignaud took the first prize of \$800 and the Championship Emblem, valued at \$600; Garnier and Daly divided the second and third prizes, (\$600 and \$400); Dion took fourth prize (\$300), Rudolphe the fifth prize (\$250), and Slosson and Ubassy divided the sixth prize (\$150). The grand average of the tournament was very nearly nine (8 92-100).

The following is the complete score of the four closing games of the tournament, played on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

	Score.	Inn'gs.	Average.		Score.	Inn'gs.	Average.
33d game, Daly.....	300	39	7 27-39	Daniels.....	188	39	4 32-39
34th do Ubassy.....	300	41	7 13-41	Slosson.....	197	41	4 33-41
35th do Vignaud.....	300	40	7 1-2	C. Dion.....	273	39	7
36th do Garnier.....	300	28	10 20-28	J. Dion.....	223	28	7 27-28

The following is a complete summary of each player's record in the tournament; we give the names in the order of their grand averages. The figures to the right of the names indicate what prize each player took.

SUMMARY OF THE TOURNAMENT.

	Won.	Lost.	Inn'gs.	Points.	Grand Avg.	Best Run.
Garnier.....	4 (2 and 3)....	6	2	196	2236	11.41 90
J. Dion.....	4.....	5	3	190	2181	11.22 150
Vignaud.....	1.....	7	1	224	2348	10.48 159
Daly.....	4 (2 and 3)....	6	2	230	2326	9.73 108
Rudolphe.....	5.....	4	4	219	2039	9.31 97
C. Dion.....	2.....	6	6	225	1876	8.34 73
Slosson.....	4 of 6.....	2	5	212	1678	7.92 88
Ubassy.....	4 of 6.....	3	5	241	1892	7.85 104
Daniels.....	—	8	8	249	1271	5.11 45

Grand Average of Tournament..... 1995 17797 8.92

The accompanying table gives the decadal runs of each player; commencing with runs of 30 or over;

RUNS OF	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	TOTAL.
Daly.....	9	6	5	4	1	—	1	1	27
Vignaud.....	10	7	1	2	1	—	1	1	23
Rudolphe.....	10	6	1	2	1	—	1	—	21
Garnier.....	5	4	2	2	4	1	2	—	20
C. Dion.....	9	5	2	2	2	—	—	—	20
J. Dion.....	3	4	1	4	1	2	—	3	18
Slosson.....	7	1	3	1	—	2	—	—	14
Ubassy.....	3	3	3	—	—	2	—	1	12
Daniels.....	6	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	9
Total.....	62	29	18	17	10	7	5	6	164

GEORGE F. SLOSSON.—We had a call on Monday evening last, from this most promising young player; George was just off from the cars, on his return from the New York Tournament, and was in excellent health and spirits. He informed us that the management were unable to retain Tammany Hall for Saturday evening, and the ties were not played off; consequently, Garnier and Daly divided the second and third prizes (\$600 and \$400), and Slosson and Ubassy divided the sixth prize (\$150). During a subsequent call upon George, at his rooms in the Sherman House, we found that this was not the only substantial token he brought away from New York. An enthusiastic admirer of his playing presented him with a gold-headed cane (not one of your portly aldermanic kind, but a light weight, like George himself); and still another gave him (the condition being that should beat Cyrille Dion in the tournament), a \$120 silk dress pattern, to give his young wife; for George is a veritable and venerable Benedict, of some months standing. He received such flattering encouragement, while in New York, for his skillful playing, that he intends hereafter to devote seven or eight hours a day to practice; to the end that if the Delaney tournament comes off in Chicago, he may do still better than he did in New York. He will give exhibitions at his rooms every evening at 7:30.

CYRILLE DION VS. MAURICE VIGNAUX, AND ALBERT GARNIER VS. A. P. RUDOLPHE.—A dispatch from New York announces that two great matches have been entered into. Cyrille Dion is to play Vignaux (the winner of the first prize and the championship in the recent tournament) for the championship and \$1000 a side; while Garnier and Rudolphe are to meet and settle their ancient grudge, which has been "waxing fat," in a contest for a like amount of money. Both of these games are to consist of 600 points of the three-ball game; the Garnier-Rudolphe match is to take place on Dec. 1st, and the Dion-Vignaux match about two weeks later.

OUR readers may not be aware that, in addition to the money prizes which were given by Mr. Delaney, the net proceeds of the tournament were also divided amongst the players. As these amounted to between \$4,000 and \$5,000, the players will net no inconsiderable sum from this source.

A DETROIT policeman, passing a certain house about 10 o'clock, saw a man drop from a window, and heard smothered cries inside. He seized the man for a burglar, but soon found that he had the owner of the house in his clutches. "Well," said the officer, "it looked suspicious to see you drop out of a window that way." "Well," replied the man, heaving a sigh, "when the old woman gets her dander up, I ain't particular about what road I take to get out of the house."

Racing and Trotting.

Trotting and Racing at LaGrange, Ind.

LAGRANGE, Nov. 5.—Purse \$50, for horses that have never beaten 2:45; mile heats.

Owner's Roan Jack	2	1	1
Owner's Ned	1	5	2
Owner's Joker	2	2	4
Owner's Hero	5	3	3
Owner's Glendale	4	4	5

Time, 2:55, 2:58½—2:55.

SAME DAY.—Purse \$100, for horses that have never beaten 2:40; mile heats.

Owner's Quickstep	1	1	1
Owner's Little Tom	2	2	2
Owner's Roan Jack	3	3	3

Time, 2:43½—2:51½—2:41½.

SAME DAY.—Purse \$50, running; half-mile heats.

Owner's Lady Washington	4	1	1
Owner's Wild Indian	1	3	3
Owner's Calamity	2	2	4
Owner's Nellie Grant	3	4	2
Owner's Wild Jerry	5	5	5

Time, 55s—53s—54½s.

LAGRANGE, Nov. 6.—Purse \$100; for horses that have never beaten 3:00; mile heats.

Owner's Roan Jack	3	1	1
Owner's Chief	1	2	2
Owner's Lady Kellogg	2	3	3
Owner's Blue Buck	4	4	4
Owner's Lady Fremont	5	5	5

Time, 2:51—2:51½—2:52.

SAME DAY.—Purse for \$300, free for all; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Owner's Quickstep	1	1	1
Owner's Little Sam	2	2	3
Owner's Gen. Sherman	3	3	2

Time, 2:37—2:36½—2:40.

SAME DAY.—Purse \$200, running; free for all; half-mile heats.

Owner's Nellie Bush	1	1	1
Owner's Modoc	7	2	2
Owner's Lady Washington	5	3	3
Owner's Honess John	2	4	4
Owner's Fearnought	3	5	5
Owner's Gray Highland	4	7	7
Owner's Buckshot	6	6	6

Time, 52½s—53½s.

Trotting at St. Louis, Mo.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4.—Match \$1,000; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Owner's Ohio	2	1	1	1
Owner's Pilot Temple	1	2	2	2

Time, 2:32—2:29½—2:31½—2:30.

Trotting at Indianapolis, Ind.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 3.—Purse \$100, free for all; mile heats, 3 in 5.

G. W. Fuller's spt g Prince	1	1	1
D. P. Bissell's b m Moss Rose	2	2	2
J. W. Browning's b g John B.	3	3	3

Time, 2:41—2:39½—2:38½.

Trotting at Buffalo, N. Y.

BUFFALO, Nov. 7.—Purse \$300, pacing; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

J. Jameson's gr g Billy Hooper	1	1	1
R. Corriston's s g Sorrel Frank	2	2	2
Dr. McLaughlin's b g Buffalo Boy	3	3	3

Time, 2:22½—2:28½—2:27½.

SAME DAY.—Purse \$150; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

J. Randall's s m Mollie	1	1	1
E. Barton's b g Geo. Pitts	2	2	2

Time, 2:45—2:37—2:46.

Trotting at Fleetwood, N. Y.

FLEETWOOD PARK, Nov. 5.—Sweepstakes \$150 for road horses, owners to drive; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

P. Dailey's ch m Lady Dailey	2	2	1	0	1
A. Jones' gr g Ned	1	1	2	2	0
W. Lynch's b g James Kirby	3	3	3	3	1
J. W. Young's b m Rebecca	4	4	4	4	dr

Time, 3:10—3:07—3:01—3:02—3:02—3:04.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes \$250; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Owner's s g Monarch	2	1	1	1
Robert Laird's ch m Lady Laird	1	2	2	2

Time, 3:14—3:01—3:02—3:06.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes \$300; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

J. King's b m Betsey King	1	1	1
J. Murphy's s g Sorrel Jake	2	2	2

Time, 2:45—2:48—2:46.

FLEETWOOD PARK, Nov. 10.—Purse \$400; for horses that have never beaten 3:00; \$200 to first, \$125 to second, \$75 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Ben Mace's b g H. D. Walton	1	4	2	1	1
P. Flemming's gr g Willie	4	1	1	3	2
A. Bourrett's r g T. E. Gordon	2	2	3	2	3
J. Murphy's r m Lady Collyer	3	3	4	dr	

Time, 2:36½—2:38½—2:39—2:37½—2:39.

SAME DAY.—Purse \$500; for horses that have never beaten 2:31; \$250 for first, \$150 for second, and \$100 for third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

J. Murphy's br m Lady Dahlman	1	1	1
H. Peterson's g m Cora F.	2	2	2

Time, 2:47—2:38½—2:39½.

FLEETWOOD PARK, Nov. 11.—Sweepstakes \$750; mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagon.

G. Walker's br m Lady Anna	1	1	1
H. B. Hanson's gr m Cora F.	2	3	2

G. Gilbert's s g Harry Gilbert..... 3 2 3
Time, 2:40—2:41½—2:40.

SAME DAY.—Purse, \$500, for horses that have never beaten 2:38; \$250 to first, \$150 to second, and \$100 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

G. Y. Whitson's b m Pauline	1	1	1
G. D. Harris' b m Lena Case	3	2	2
C. H. Simmons' br g Cheston	2	3	3
A. Snyder's b g J. N. Mansuay	4	5	4
T. Trimble's b m Lady Trimble	5	4	dis
A. Straus' s g T. J. Stevens	6	6	dr

Time, 2:36½—2:35—2:35.

SAME DAY.—Purse \$600, for horses that have never beaten 2:24; \$300 to first, \$200 to second, and \$100 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness.

W. Lovell's br g Barney Kelly	2	1	1
Comme's b g Come	1	3	3
Moffat's b g Frank Woods	3	2	2
J. Eckerson's b g Everett Ray	dis		

Time, 2:27½—2:27½—2:29—2:30½.

FLEETWOOD PARK, Nov. 12.—Purse \$400, for horses that had never beaten 2:50; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

B. Mace's b g H. D. Walton	1	1	1
P. Flemming's gr g Willie	4	2	2
A. Bonnett's r g T. E. Gordon	3	4	3
J. Somerindyke's ch m Melissa	5	3	4
J. Murphy's r m Lady Collyer	dis		
L. Devoe's b g Tommy Moore	dis		
T. Lee's br g Judge Bedle	dr		
J. Rogers' b m Mollie Schuyler	dr		

Time, 2:39—2:38½—2:40½.

SAME DAY.—\$400, for horses that had never beaten 2:30; mile heats, 3 in 5, under saddle; \$200 to first, \$125 to second, and \$75 to the third.

J. Murphy's br m Lady Dahlman	1	2	1	2
W. E. Weeks' gr g Tanner Boy	2	1	3	2
E. K. Bradbury's br g Berkshire Boy	3	3	2	3
H. Peterson's gr m Cora F.	dis			

Time, 2:27½—2:29—2:29—2:29.

SAME DAY.—Match \$500; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

M. K. Bingham's b m Forest King	1	1
B. Platt's b g Cricket	2	dis

Time, 3:09—2:44.

FLEETWOOD PARK, Nov. 13.—Match \$200; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

G. Walker's br m Lady Annie	1	1	1
G. Gilbert's oh g Harry Gilbert	2	2	2

Time, 2:39½—2:43—2:36.

FLEETWOOD PARK, Nov. 13.—Purse \$500, for horses that never beat 2:34; \$250 to the first, \$150 to the second, and \$100 to the third horse; mile heats, best three in 5, in harness.

W. H. Moses' ch g Mountaineer	5	1	1	2	3
J. Murphy's b g Matt Tanner	1	3	4	3	1
J. H. Phillips' b m Ella Madden	4	2	2	1	2
H. Peterson's g m Cora F.	2	5	5	5	dr
Ben Mace's b m Lady Angie	3	4	3	4	dr
P. H. Norton's b g Jimmy Norton	6	7	6	5	dr
G. D. Harris' b m Lena Case	7	6	7	7	dr
A. V. Sargeant's g m Mountain Maid	8	8	dr		

Time, 2:34—2:39½—2:34—2:33½—2:34.

FLEETWOOD PARK, Nov. 13 and 14.—Purse \$500, for horses that never beat 2:34; \$250 to the first, \$150 to the second, and \$100 to the third horse; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

J. H. Phillips' b m Ella Madden	1	2	2	1	2	1
W. H. Moses' ch g Mountaineer	5	1	1	2	3	1
J. Murphy's b g Matt Tanner	1	3	4	3	1	2
H. Peterson's g m Cora F.	2	5	5	5	5	dr
Ben Mace's b m Lady Angie	3	4	3	4	dr	
P. H. Norton's b g Jimmy Norton	6	7	6	5	dr	
G. D. Harris' b m Lena Case	7	6	7	7	dr	
A. V. Sargeant's g m Mountain Maid	8	8	dr			

Time, 2:34—2:39½—2:34—2:33½—2:34—2:30.

SAME DAYS.—Purse \$400, for teams; \$200 to the first, \$125 to the second and \$75 to the third horse; mile heats, best three in five.

G. Walker's b m May Bird and s g Fred	1	2	0	3	1	1
Ben Mace's b m Clara G. and ch m New Berlin Girl	3	1	3	1	2	2
Austin Moore's r m Rose and b m William B.	4	3	0	2	1	3
D. P. Goff's br m Lady Woods and b m Carrie S.	5	5	5	5	3	ro
William Moore's b g Oaks and b g Penobscot Chief	2	4	dr			
J. Murphy's b m Lady Dahlman and b g Charley Green	6	dis				
T. O'Connor's gr m Lady Worthington and b g Uncle Dave	dis					

Time, 2:47—2:37—2:43—2:42½—2:39—2:34½.

FLEETWOOD PARK, Nov. 15.—Match \$1,000; mile heats, best three in five.

J. Crawford named r g Copperbottom, under saddle	1	1	1
W. Lovell named b m American Girl, in harness	2	2	2

Time, 2:22½—2:26½—2:25½.

SAME DAY.—Trotting match for \$500; mile heats, best three in five, to wagon.

W. Trimble named ch m Music	1	1	1
W. Lovell named br g Barney Kelly	2	2	2

Time, 2:30½—2:28½—2:29½.

RIGHTS OF SPORTSMEN.—In our shooting column will be found our account of a decision rendered at Boston in a case of alleged cruelty in pigeon shooting, on the part of Mr. Luther Adams, of the Tremont Shooting Club. As the counsel for the defense made some admirably pithy remarks, supplemented by some equally good from the Court itself, we commend this to our shooters and members of Humane Societies for perusal. We are only too happy to second any efforts, on the part of these Societies, towards restraining men from venting their passions upon dumb animals, but we can hardly have any sympathy with what is ludicrous bigotry.

SHOOTING AT CHICAGO.

THE KENNICOTT CLUB (HANDICAP) MATCH.

Two matches were shot here on Wednesday afternoon by the members of the Kennicott Club. The first match was a handicap for the gold medal, contended for three times annually; not subject to challenge, but contended for by all members. This was the second contest for this medal; the first having taken place on the 26th of June last, and resulting in a tie between A. Kleinman and T. W. Wilmarth (who were handicapped the same as now, although changes have taken place in the positions of some others), and won by Wilmarth on the shoot-off. This medal must be won three times in succession to become individual property. Mr. A. Kleinman won by the following score: §. indicates withdrawn.

DEXTER PARK, Nov. 18th, 1874.

Kennicott Club Handicap match, club rules, championship gold medal. Ten single rises each.

S. P. Hopkins, 22y.....	0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 0-5	E. Thomas, 27y.....	0 1 0 1
E. O. Dow, 25y.....	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 5-	H. H. Kleinman, 27y.....	1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 5-
G. W. Eggleston, 23y.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 5-	John Phillips, 23y.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0-7
T. J. Higgins, 24y.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1-8	F. T. Sherman, 21y.....	0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 5-
J. A. Kinney, 23y.....	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0-	J. F. Whiting, 31y.....	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0-6
A. Price, 28y.....	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 5-	A. Kleinman, 31y.....	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-9
E. Price, 27y.....	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 5-	H. W. Baldwin, 24y.....	1 1 1 0 1 0 0 5-
G. C. Sherman, 24y.....	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 5-	D. G. Alston, 24y.....	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 5-
D. Bates, 24y.....	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 5-	J. J. Kleinman, 28y.....	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 5-
M. Benner, 22y.....	0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 5-	J. R. McCormick, 24y.....	1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1-7
F. Benner, 23y.....	1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 5-	T. W. Wilmarth, 26y.....	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1-8

Following this comes a match between George C. Sherman and J. J. Kleinman for the Buck's Head Medal of Emblem of Superiority. In this match the contestants are on an equal footing, and shoot at ten single and five double rises from 21 and 18 yards rise respectively. This medal can be challenged for every 30 days, and is perpetually subject to challenge; consequently, never can become individual property. Mr. J. J. Kleinman retained this medal by the following score:

DEXTER PARK, Nov. 18th, 1874.

Match between J. J. Kleinman (holder), and G. C. Sherman. Kennicott Club Second Prize, Buck's Head Emblem of Superiority. Ten single and five double rises at 21 and 18 yards respectively.

J. J. Kleinman, 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1-9	0 1 1 1 0 0 0 0-4
G. C. Sherman, 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1-5	1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0-3

The sportsmen of West Union Iowa held their "initial" shoot on the afternoon of Nov. 9. Sides were chosen, who elected H. O. Bishop and Jas. Green as Captains, the whipped team to pay for the supper. The poor score is owing to the inexperience of the "boys" at the trap and the activity of the birds. The following is the score.

H. O. BISHOP, Captain.

Elkins.....	1 0 0 0 0
Buck.....	0 0 0 0 0
Wells.....	1 1 0 0 0
Bishop.....	0 0 0 1 0

JAS. GREEN, Captain.

Roberts.....	0 0 0 0 0
Carter.....	0 0 0 1 0
Iskey.....	0 0 1 1 1
Green.....	0 1 1 0 0

SPORTING NOTES FROM THE CAPITOL.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD:—Our "shootists" are grumbling at the dry weather, and say that the ground is so parched that the dogs cannot make out the trails. There is a great deal of truth in this, and the birds have gone into the swamps and cripples are very hard to shoot even after they are found.

A party of fellows clerks have just returned from a trip to Orange County, Virginia, and report game plenty. They hunted on horseback and were much pleased at the style of hunting.

One of the party followed a bird into a wet swamp and stumbled on to quite a number of woodcock. He killed eight before leaving and they were the largest I ever saw. One weighed eleven ounces and the general average was about nine and a half. The quail bagged were to numerous to mention.

I hope we will have a few days rain soon, and then the birds can be easier found.

The river is full of ducks and the markets and restaurants have large numbers in display. Duck boxes are being overhauled, and I hope soon to report large bags made by gentlemen sportsmen.

The sportsmen in this vicinity seem to have given their choice for breech loaders to the gun made by Remington and Sons. I have seen some targets made by a gun costing forty-five dollars which were beautiful. The bore

of the gun was No. 10, and the cartridge was loaded with four drachms of Orange Lighting Powder No. 5, and one and a quarter ounces of No. 8, shot. At twenty-five yards five shot were thrown clear through an inch pine plank, and the rest placed so close together over the surface, one and a half foot square, that the escape of a bird was impossible. The gun was tailed at increased distances up to sixty yards, measured, and the pattern was good throughout. When I have the necessary amount of the "root of all evil," I am going to purchase one.

On Friday, there will be a trot between "Honest John" and "Daylight" at Brightwood Park for a purse of \$500. Admittance ONE DOLLAR.

THEO. SMITH.

About Town.

THE THEATRES.

ROOLEYS

The Virginian was given during the early part of the week, and last night and to night Peril: both plays by Bartley Campbell. Next week Daly's Divorce will be produced with the first appearance of Miss Fannie Marsh.

THE ACADEMY

Aladdin has been produced throughout the week. On Monday Mrs F. S. Chanfrau will commence an engagement.

MCVICKERS

Mr Wybert Reeve the first four nights. On Friday night the theatre was used by the De Murska Concert Troupe. On this Saturday night, "Damon and Pythias." Next week the Scotch Drama—Jeanie Deans.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Kelly and Leon's minstrels; On Monday next Kelly and Leon's version of the "Grand Duchesse."

FARRAGUT BOAT CLUB—AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

On Thursday Eve., Dec. 3, the Farragut Boat Club will give an entertainment at Standard Hall. The proceeds are to be devoted to purchase of boats for the next season, and we hope all citizens, who are interested in seeing Chicago's representatives carry off honors in next summer's aquatic contests, will attend.

ELSEWHERE.

The two great dramatic events in New York since our last issue, were the reappearance of Dion Boucicault at Wallack's in a new piece of his own composition (of course) called the "Shaughraun," and the debut of Miss Kate Field at Booth's Theatre as Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces."

"The Shaughraun" is another of Boucicault's semi-social, semi-political, plays, and although containing touches reminding one of portions of similar plays of his, it was considered as one of his finest efforts, filled to repletion with deep pathos and bright sallies of witticism. At the close of the performance Mr. Boucicault, in the double role of actor and author, was called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the audience, which included an unusual number of notable critics.

The audience assembled to witness the debut of Miss Kate Field included representatives from all the artistic and literary circles of the city, and a list of the names of those present would be literally a roll-call of the "upper ten" of New York. It was conceded, however, on all sides that her acting would prove anything but a success.

On Tuesday evening last, Max Strakosch produced, for the first time in America, Verdi's great requiem mass, complete, at the Academy of Music. To be repeated this Saturday night.

On Monday, Nov. 30, Mr. J. S. Clarke, the great comedian, recently returned from London, will appear at Booth's Theatre, in the character of Major Wellington de Boots and Toodles.

At the Terrace Garden Theatre, on Saturday Eve. Nov. 22, the Aimée Opera Bouffe Company will give a grand "Sacred Concert," consisting of the performance of Offenbach's Opera, "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein." Phew! We don't wonder that the "Sacred Concert" business is beginning to choke even a New Yorker. Moreover, the Strakosch Italian Opera Company are also to appear at the Grand Opera House on Sunday Eve. in Il Trovatore.

THE SEASON.—On the first page of this number will be found a very appropriate rhapsody upon the season which has come upon us in all its rigor.

Fall Meeting of the New York Sportsmen's Club. IMPORTANT ACTION TAKEN.

The fall meeting of the New York Sportsmen's Club, the especial mission of which is for the protection of fish and game, was held on Monday evening November 9, at the residence of Mr. Royal Phelps, and was very numerously attended. It is a matter of doubt whether a more beneficent society exists in the State, or whether there is identified with any organization a more earnest, enthusiastic or determined group of individuals.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. Phelps, about half past eight o'clock, and after the reading of the minutes of the last meeting the Secretary proceeded to read the correspondence which had taken place since the last gathering with different game protecting associations throughout the country, particularizing the communications received from the Game and Fish League of New Hampshire, Maryland Association for the Protection and Preservation of Game and Fish, together with important correspondence from the New Jersey Commissioners of Fisheries and from the Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club.

The President reported that, in compliance with the resolution of the club, the committee to whom was referred the subject of uniformity of game laws in different States had had the documents in relation thereto printed and sent to ninety-three game-protecting organizations in different parts of the country, suggesting the holding of a national convention in this city in the month of November, but that very soon after they had done this the State Association called a convention for the 9th of September, at Niagara Falls, for the identical same purpose, and thereupon your committee felt constrained, as a subordinate organization, to suspend all further action, not doubting that the State organization will realize the responsibility which now rests upon its shoulders to see this all-important subject properly attended to, until it is carried to a successful issue, all of which was approved by the Association, and the committee was discharged.

The President reported that the jury in the suit against Cappell and Storer for having in their possession forty trout during the closed season, had rendered a verdict against the association, and that an appeal had been taken to a higher Court. The President stated that he had good reason for believing that the jury gave a verdict for the defendant simply because of the severity of the penalty, viz:—\$1,000 for the forty trout, or in case of failure to pay the fine, one thousand days of imprisonment. As soon as this business had been disposed of the following gentlemen, whose names had been proposed, were elected as regular members of the club:—Governor Morris, Jr., Dr. B. W. F. Day, Benjamin W. Bonny, Henry C. Carey, Martin Van Buren, M. Nicol, Governor John A. Dix, (given voice). After the election of the above named gentlemen, the organization determined, by a unanimous vote, to submit to the next Legislature the following proposed amendment to the game law respecting fish and game.

1.—The first object of the amendment is to prevent the destruction of valuable trout ponds by putting pike, pickerel or other voracious fish therein to eat up and destroy the trout. This is done only out of pure malice, and generally by fish thieves, out of revenge at being prosecuted. Half a dozen pickerel will destroy a trout pond worth \$1,000. The section, as it now reads, covers only the poisoning of trout.

2.—The second object of the amendment is to make the offence one of malicious mischief under the Revised Statutes, and punishable in the same manner as the wilful poisoning of horses, cattle or sheep. It certainly is an offence of equal grade as the latter, and as the section now reads the penalty is very slight for the malicious poisoning of whole ponds of valuable fish. As the law now reads the penalty is only \$100, and the offence a misdemeanor. No one would wilfully destroy another's valuable trout pond but from pure spite and revenge, and it is submitted that such "mischief" is "malicious" and should be treated as such.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to amend and consolidate the several acts relating to the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds and fish," passed April 26, 1871.

The people of the State of New York represented in Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:—

SECTION 1.—Section 41 of the act entitled "An act to amend and consolidate the several acts relating to the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds and fish" passed April 26, 1871, is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—

—Section 41.—Every person who, without the consent of the owner, shall wilfully put or place or cause or procure to be put or placed in any fresh water stream, lake or pond, stocked with or inhabited by trout or other fish, any drug, medicated bait or other deleterious substance, or any pike, pickerel or other fish, with intent thereby to injure, catch or destroy such trout or other fish, shall, upon conviction, be punished by imprisonment in a State prison not exceeding three years or in a county jail not exceeding one year, or by a fine not exceeding \$250, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SEC. 2.—No prosecution or proceeding for any violation of the provisions of the section of the act hereby amended committed previous to the time when this statute shall take effect, shall be affected thereby. The provisions of this act shall only apply to offences hereafter committed, and the statutes now in force shall apply to and be and remain in full force as to all offences committed before this act shall take effect and to the prosecution and punishment thereof.

SEC. 3.—This act shall take effect immediately.

The President then arose, and said he was confident that many parties were smuggling trout regularly to New York markets contrary to law, and suggested the propriety of placing private detectives upon the cars in order to arrest the professional sportsmen, who were habitually violating the statutes. The suggestion of the President was enthusiastically received, and the Treasurer was ordered to place \$2,500 at the disposal of the Executive Committee for expenses of detectives, rewards and prosecutions during the present season.

By the vote of the organization the number of members was restricted to one hundred and the by-laws were amended so as to make the entrance fee \$50 instead of \$25, as heretofore. The annual dues (\$10) remain the same. After the adjournment of the meeting the members partook of an elegant collation, tendered to them by the President, Mr. Royal Phelps, in his own residence.—*New York Herald.*

RIGHTS OF SPORTSMEN

AN IMPORTANT DECISION IN A CASE OF ALLEGED CRUELTY IN PIGEON SHOOTING.

A Boston letter to the *New York Herald* gives the following account of a judicial decision rendered in a case of alleged cruelty.

An important case, affecting the rights of sportsmen and defining the laws for prevention of cruelty to animals, has just been decided in the Brighton district of the Municipal Court. The case was that of the agents of the society which has in keeping the comforts and protection of the brute creation, and the complaint was made against Luther Adams, of the Tremont Shooting Club of this city. It seems that Mr. Adams, in shooting a bird, only wounded it by breaking a leg, and the Agent of the Humane Society prosecuted him, claiming that in wounding the pigeon and not instantly killing it he had violated the law for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It was shown, and, in fact, generally admitted, that Mr. Adams was a good shot, and had no intention of inflicting unnecessary pain on the bird, and the counsel for the defense in his plea, dwelt in strong terms on what he considered the absurdity of the charge of cruelty. He likened the object of the society, but when it prosecuted such cases as the present he thought it was "running the thing into the ground." Why, he said, in case of conviction now it would be cruelty to animals to shoot a wild bird in the forest or put to death one of our domestic fowls. The law is meant to prohibit man from cruelty using or treating animals under his charge and protection; in short, to restrain his passion when directed against the creatures made for his use and maintenance, and not to prohibit the sport of gunning. The agents, by prosecuting such cases as this, render themselves the laughing-stock of the community. The counsel for the complainant (the society) quoted the ruling of Judge McAdam, of the Marine Court, in New York, in a similar case, to sustain his charge against Mr. Adams, and the secretary of the society said that the prosecution was made as a test case rather than for any other purpose. The Court argued that there was no distinct clause in the law prohibiting this kind of bird shooting, and he thought a conviction would discourage the growth of good marksmanship—a matter to be deplored, as there was no doubt that good gunners rendered the State good services. The bird was wild; and as there was no law against shooting wild birds he felt that he could not do otherwise than discharge the defendant.

MR. SMILEY'S GUN.—Max Adler relates the following story: "Recently it occurred to Mr. Smiley, of Darbey, that it would be a good thing to go out and see if he couldn't shoot a rabbit or two. He always kept his gun loaded and ready in the corner of the room, so he merely shouldered it and went out. After a while he saw a rabbit, and, taking aim, he pulled the trigger. The gun failed to go off. Then he pulled the trigger. The gun failed to go off. Then he pulled the other trigger, and the gun snapped again. Mr. Smiley used some extra language, and then, taking a pin he picked the nipples of the gun, primed them with a little powder and then started again. Presently he saw another rabbit, but both caps snapped again. The rabbit did not see Smiley, so he put on more caps, and they snapped too. Then Smiley cleaned out the nipples again, primed them, and fired the gun off at a fence. Then the caps snapped again. Then Smiley became furious, and in his rage he expended forty-seven caps in an effort to make that gun go off. When the forty-seventh cap missed also, Smiley thought that there might, perhaps, be something the matter with the inside of the gun, so he tried the barrels with his ramrod. To his utter dismay he discovered that both barrels were empty. Mrs. Smiley was nervous about fire-arms, and had withdrawn the load without telling Smiley, for fear of making him angry. If there had been a welkin anywhere about, it would probably have been made to ring with Smiley's excited denunciations of Mrs. Smiley. Finally, however, he became cooler, and, loading both barrels, he started again after rabbits. He saw one in a few moments, and was about to fire, when he noticed that there were no caps on his gun. He felt for one, and to his dismay found that he had snapped the last one off. Then he ground his teeth and walked home. On his way there he saw at least seven hundred rabbits. He has been out hunting every day since, however, with his gun in first-rate order, and he has never laid eyes on a solitary rabbit. Smiley is beginning to think that something is wrong in the government of the universe."

A SQUAW sat down on the curb in front of the Post Office in Austin, Nev., and, unrolling a bundle of calico, commenced the manufacture of a dress. In less than a hour the dress was finished; and putting it on over her old clothes the squaw pulled out a pin here, a peg there, and untied a string in another place, made one step, and, presto! the old clothes lay in the gutter. Gathering up the rags just shed, the noble daughter of the forest cast one look of triumph on the spectators and skipped gracefully off in the direction of the Indian camp. A prominent citizen, who was an interested witness of the transaction, mildly remarked that he would give \$30 if Mrs. P. C. could shed herself like that.

DEATH OF GLOSTER.—Later advices fully confirm the rumors prevalent in regard to the death of the fine bay gelding Gloster. We gave a brief record of his performances last week. His greatest performance was at Rochester in August last, when he trotted four heats (the first a dead heat with Red Cloud) in 2:18—2:17—2:17—and 2:19. His owner Mr. Alden Goldsmith had recently refused \$40,000 for him.

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E. R. TIME TABLE-Departure of Trains.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.			
Depots.	Wells & Kinzie Sts. and Canal & Kinzie Sts.		
a Milwaukee Mail	8:00 a.m.	a Junction Passenger	5:30 p.m.
a Pacific & Dubuque Ex.	10:15 a.m.	a St. Charles & Elgin	5:15 p.m.
a Freeport & Dub. Ex.	9:15 a.m.	a Lombard Passenger	5:10 p.m.
b St. Paul Express	10:00 a.m.	b Barrington Pass.	6:25 p.m.
a Maywood Passenger	7:30 a.m.	b Janesville Passenger	5:30 p.m.
b Lake Forest Ex.	9:30 a.m.	b Woodstock Pass.	4:45 p.m.
a Lake Forest Pass.	11:30 a.m.	a Milwaukee Mail	5:00 p.m.
b Barrington Pass.	8:30 a.m.	a Pac. & Dubuque Ex.	4:45 p.m.
b Green Bay Express	9:15 a.m.	b Freeport & Dub. Ex.	9:15 p.m.
b Elmhurst Passenger	12:00 m.	b Marquette Express	9:25 p.m.
b Evanston Passenger	5:10 p.m.	a Kenosha Passenger	4:10 p.m.
a Sterling Passenger	3:15 p.m.	a Waikagan Pass.	5:30 p.m.
a Rockford & Fox Riv.	4:00 p.m.	a Lake Forest Pass.	6:20 p.m.
b St. P. & Winona Ex.	10:00 p.m.	a Highland Park Pass.	9:00 p.m.
b Milwaukee Ex.	11:00 p.m.		

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.			
Depot.	Foot of Lake Street.		
St. Louis Express	8:15 a.m.	Grand Crossing	11:10 p.m.
Cairo & New Orleans	9:15 a.m.	"	3:00 p.m.
Peoria & Keokuk	8:15 a.m.	"	4:30 p.m.
Dubuque & Sioux City	9:25 a.m.	"	6:10 p.m.
Grand Crossing	4:10 a.m.	x Gillman Passenger	5:15 p.m.
"	7:10 a.m.	St. Louis Fast Line	4:15 p.m.
"	7:01 a.m.	Cairo & New Orleans	4:15 p.m.
Homewood	10:01 a.m.	Dubuque & Sioux City	9:25 p.m.
"	5:15 p.m.	Kensington	11:10 p.m.
Kankakee Line—For Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Baltimore and New York, 7:30 a.m. & 7:30 p.m.			

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL.			
Depot.	Canal and Madison Streets.		
Mil. & St. Paul Ex.	9:30 a.m.	du Chien & Northern	3:00 p.m.
Mil. Madison & Prairie	8:00 a.m.	Milwaukee, St. Paul & Minneapolis	7:30 p.m.
Mil. Green Bay, Prairie			

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC.			
Depot.	Foot of La Salle Street.		
Omaha, Leavenworth & Atchison Express	10:15 a.m.	Blue Island	12:20 p.m.
Blue Island	7:00 a.m.	"	4:15 p.m.
"	8:40 a.m.	"	5:15 p.m.
Peru Accom.	5:10 p.m.	"	11:30 p.m.
Night Express	10:00 p.m.	"	1:30 p.m.

CHICAGO & ALTON.			
Depot.	Canal and Madison Streets.		
St. L. & Springfield Ex.	9:00 a.m.	Kan. St. L. & Denver	10:00 p.m.
Paducah Express	9:00 a.m.	Streator, Lacon, Wash- ington, Joliet and Dwight Express	4:30 p.m.
Kan. St. L. & Denver	1:00 p.m.		
Jefferson City	9:00 p.m.		

MICHIGAN CENTRAL & GREAT WESTERN.			
Depot.	Foot of Lake Street		
Mail via Main & Air Line	5:00 a.m.	Atlantic Express	5:15 p.m.
Day Express	9:00 a.m.	Night Express	7:00 p.m.
Grand Rapids & Muskegon	9:00 a.m.	Grand Rapids & Muskegon	9:00 p.m.
do	5:35 p.m.	do	9:10 p.m.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY.			
Depot.	Foot of Lake Street.		
Mail	7:30 a.m.	Aurora only	1:00 p.m.
Texas & Pacific Ex.	10:00 a.m.	"	3:15 p.m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex	9:25 a.m.	"	5:20 p.m.
Pacific, Kansas & St. Joseph Ex.	11:00 a.m.	Downer's Grove	1:45 p.m.
Mendota	4:20 p.m.	"	6:15 p.m.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.			
Depot.	Foot of La Salle Street.		
Mail	6:40 a.m.	South Chicago Accom.	12:00 m.
Special N. Y. Express	9:10 a.m.	Elkhart Accom.	8:40 p.m.
South Chicago Accom.	6:10 a.m.	Atlantic Express	5:15 p.m.
Stock Yards Accom.	7:35 a.m.	Night Ex.	10:30 p.m.
"	10:10 a.m.	Stock Yards Accom.	3:15 p.m.
South Chicago	8:00 a.m. & 9:10 p.m.		

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE & CHICAGO.			
Depot.	Canal and Madison Streets.		
Mail	4:55 a.m.	South Chicago	6:15 p.m.
Special N. Y. Express	9:20 a.m.	East Line	10:00 p.m.
Grand Crossing	6:05 a.m.	Pacific Express	5:15 p.m.
Stock Yards	10:00 a.m.	Valparaiso Accom.	3:50 p.m.
South Chicago	8:00 a.m.	Grand Crossing	4:50 p.m.
"	12:00 m.	Stock Yards	3:15 p.m.
Stock Yards	10:00 a.m., 12:00 p.m. & 4:10 p.m.		

PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS.			
Depot.	Canal and Kinzie Streets.		
Cincinnati, via Rich- mond	8:00 a.m.	Cincinnati, Indianapolis & Louisville Ex.	5:40 p.m.
Columbus, Indianapo- lis & Louisville Ex.	8:00 a.m.	Crown Point Accom.	5:15 p.m.
		Cin. via Richmond	7:40 p.m.

CHICAGO & PACIFIC.			
Ticket Office.	138 Randolph Street.		
Freight to Elgin	7:17 a.m.	Mail & Express to Elgin	4:00 p.m.
Mail & Express to Elgin	9:15 a.m.	"	5:25 p.m.

CHICAGO, DANVILLE & VINCENTENES.			
Depot.	Canal and Kinzie Streets.		
Danville & Terra Haute Express	7:35 a.m.	Evansville & Terra Haute Express	6:25 p.m.

* Sunday only. † Except Saturday. ‡ Except Sat. and Sun. § Daily.
¶ Saturday only. No Trains on Sunday except marked * or †.
|| Runs to Louisville on Sunday.